

JANUARY

1941



No. 9

10c

# BIG SHOT COMICS

AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!

IN  
THIS ISSUE:



JOE PALOOKA



MARVELO



ROCKY RYAN

THE ABOVE  
FAVORITES  
AND  
MANY OTHERS!





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**

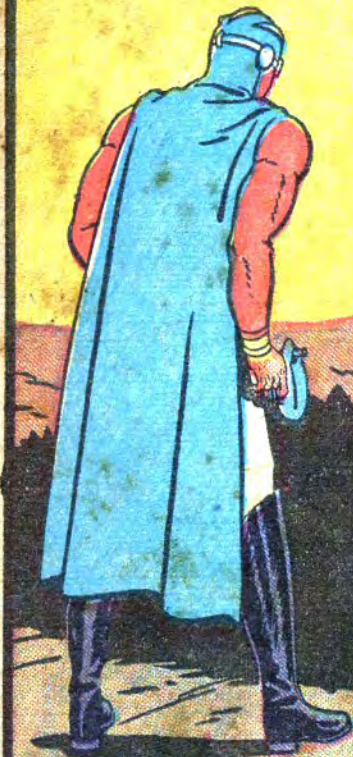




AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO!

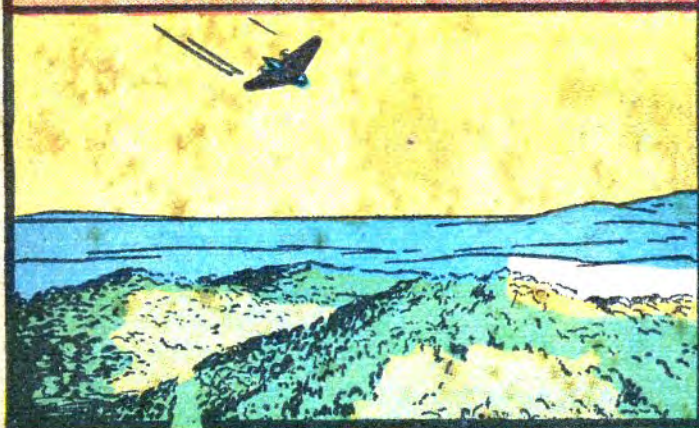
# The SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN



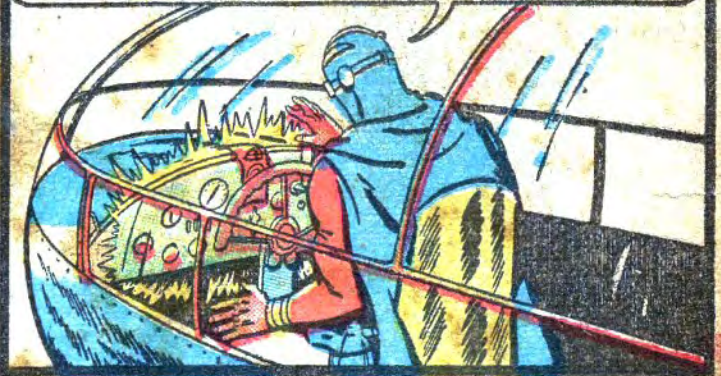
ACROSS THE AIRWAYS OF AMERICA, RACES THE STRANGE FIGURE OF THE SKYMAN, IN HIS ULTRA-FLEET PLANE, THE WING-- MAN OF DARING, BRILLIANT SCIENTIST AND FOE OF CRIME AND CRIMINALS--HE FIGHTS ALWAYS, FOR THOSE ALLIED IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE---

THE WING ROARS HIGH OVER THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS---

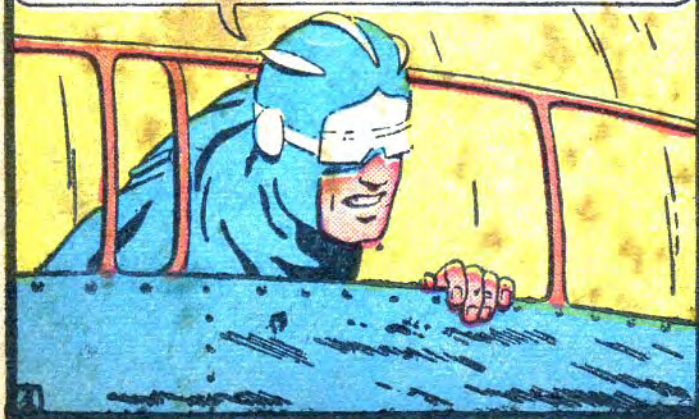


INSIDE THE ROOMY CABIN--

THE CONTROLS! THEY'RE HOT! GLOWING WITH HEAT--! THEY'LL WARP-- UNLESS I PULL OUT OF MY LINE OF TRAVEL!

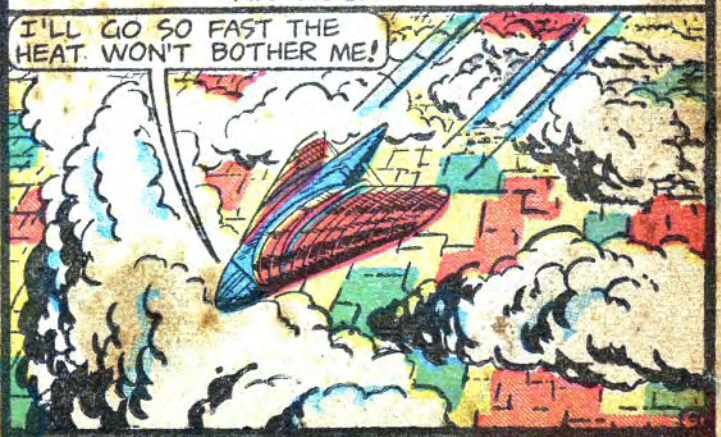


IT TOOK A THOUSAND FOOT CLIMB TO ESCAPE THAT TERRIBLE HEAT-- WHATEVER IT WAS! AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT!

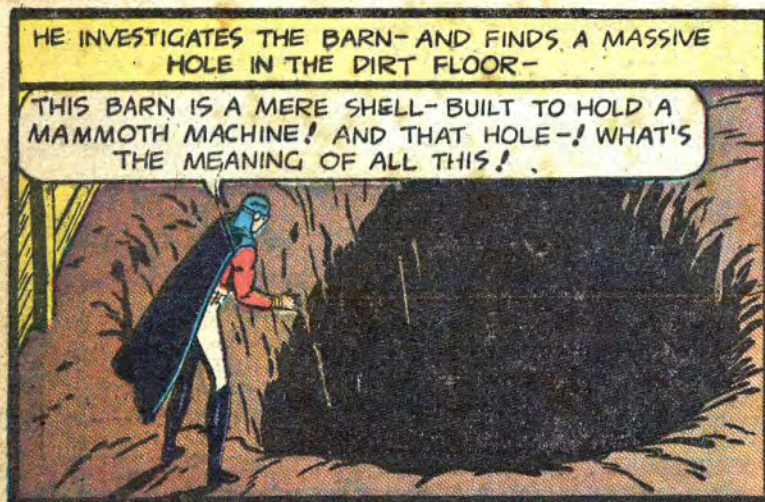
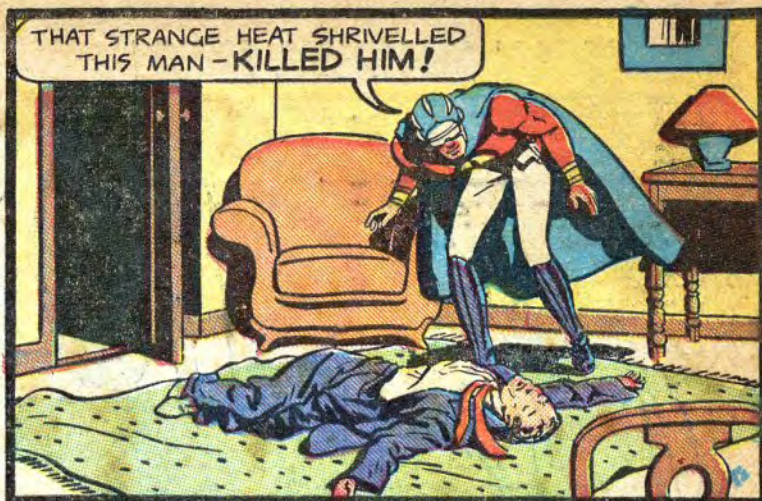


THE WING DIVES EARTHWARD AT 600 MILES AN HOUR--

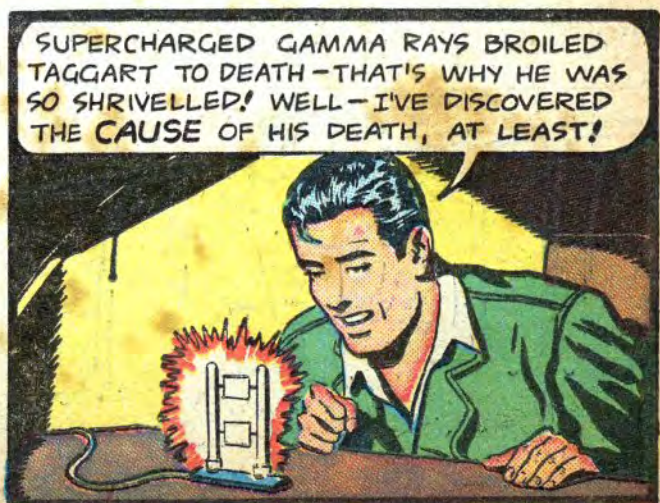
I'LL GO SO FAST THE HEAT WON'T BOTHER ME!







RETURNING  
TO HIS  
SKYDROME,  
HE BEGINS  
A SECRET  
STUDY,  
BASED ON  
SKETCHES  
AND  
COMPUTATIONS  
FOUND IN  
THE DEATH  
HOUSE IN  
THE BLUE  
RIDGE  
MOUNTAINS



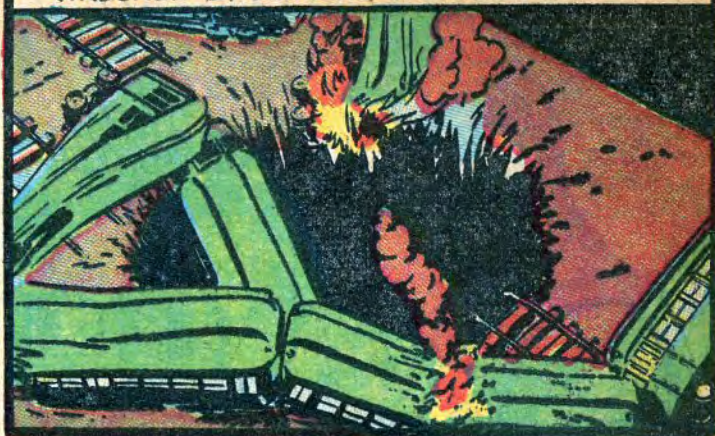


MEANWHILE, A NEW YORK SUBWAY TRAIN, SPEEDS UPTOWN ----

GOOD HEAVENS! A GIGANTIC HOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SUBWAY - I CAN NOT STOP THE TRAIN ---- YA-AH!



IT PLUNGES INTO A MASS OF SMOKING RUINS - WRECKED BY JUMPING THE RAILS --



IN THE REAR CAR, FAWN CARROLL ESCAPES DEATH I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT ALIVE IN THIS CATASTROPHE! IF ONLY THE SKYMAN KNEW OF THIS! HE'D DO SOMETHING ----



A BEGRIMED FIGURE STARTLES A STATION MASTER --- WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE POWER'S GONE DEAD! ALL TRAINS ARE STOPPED! GOOD THING, TOO! SOMETHING CAUSED A HUGE HOLE TO APPEAR IN THE SUBWAY - DERAILED A TRAIN! HUNDREDS DEAD!



A RADIO ANNOUNCER CONFIRMS FAWN'S STORY-

I'VE COMPLETED TAGGART'S INVENTION MYSELF NOW - WHAT'S THAT?

WE INTERRUPT THE BROADCAST TO ANNOUNCE A SUBWAY TRAGEDY, IN WHICH HUNDREDS OF LIVES WERE LOST ----

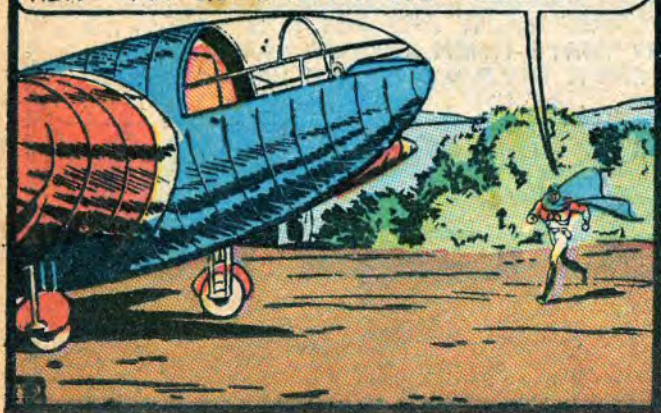


THIS CALLS FOR THE SKYMAN!

-- HUGE HOLE APPEARED IN THE TUNNEL WALLS AND THE DESTROYED TRACKS DERAILED THE TRAIN! ONLY SURVIVOR IS FAWN CARROLL!



FAWN CARROLL! SHE MANAGES TO BE IN ON ALL THE EXCITEMENT! I'LL DROP OVER FOR HER - THEN GO AFTER THESE KILLERS!



IN THE MIDST OF TRAFFIC, A POWERFUL FIGURE DROPS DOWN AND CARRIES FAWN AWAY-

OH-SKYMAN!

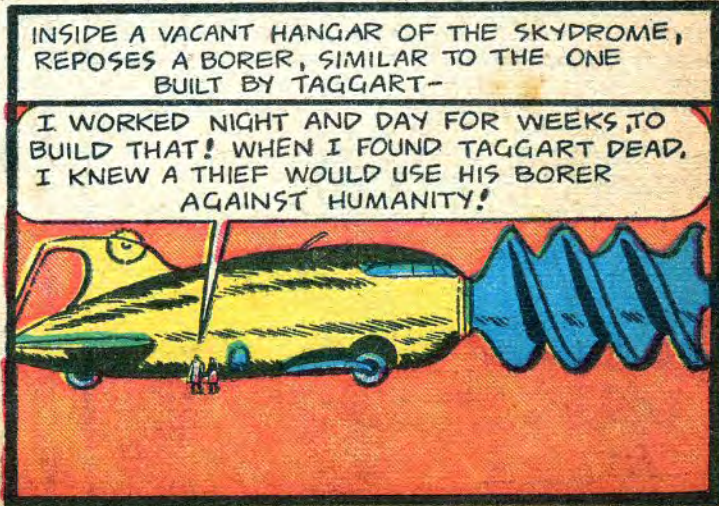
EXACTLY! HEARD ABOUT YOUR SUBWAY EXPERIENCE! LIKE TO SOLVE THE CASE?

A KIDNAPER!

CRIME GROWS WORSE DAILY!



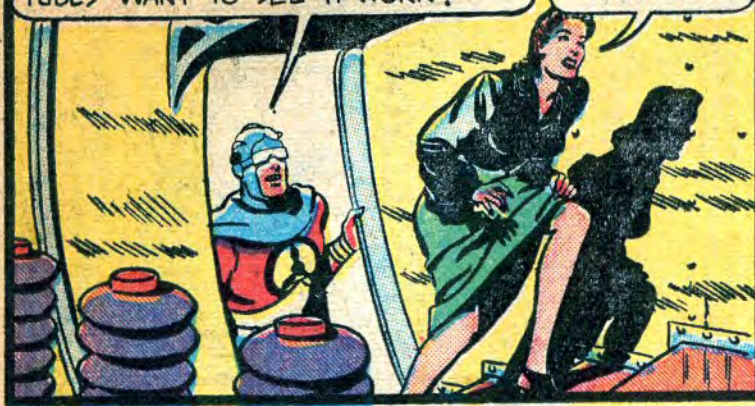






IT WORKS BY ATOMIC ENERGY-EXPLOSION OF URANIUM ATOMS, BY GAMMA RAYS DISCHARGED BY ELECTRONIC TUBES-WANT TO SEE IT WORK?

YES-BUT HOW WILL THIS HELP YOU GET HANNERS?

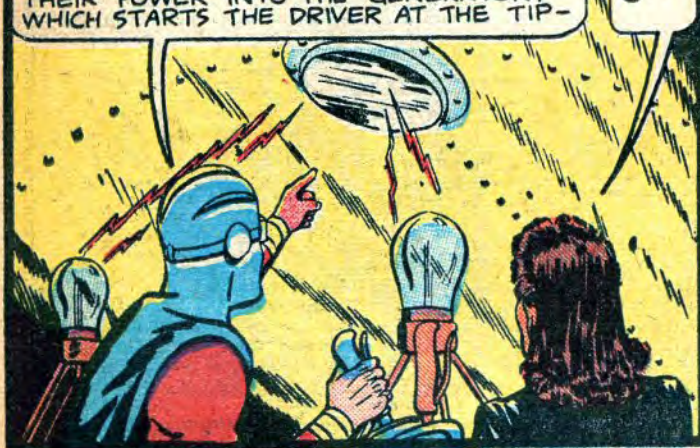


I CAN GO AFTER HANNERS IN THIS -AFTER I LOCATE HIM! AND THEN I'LL TURN IT OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT, FOR USE IN BUILDING SUBWAYS OR TUNNELS!



THERE! THE ATOMS ARE DISCHARGING THEIR POWER INTO THE GENERATOR, WHICH STARTS THE DRIVER AT THE TIP-

OH!



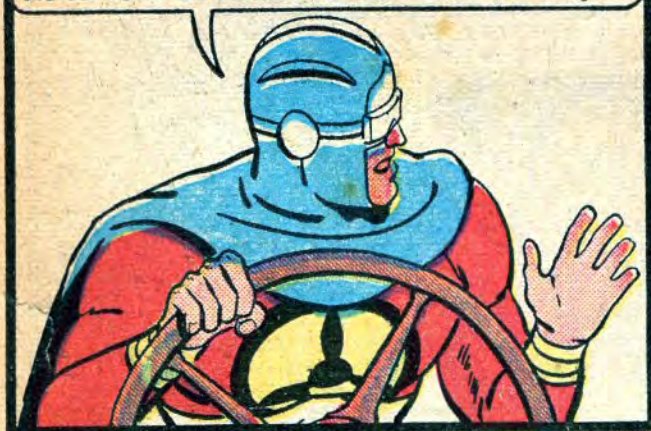
THE BORER LURCHES SUDDENLY - AND DIGS INTO THE GROUND---

THE BORER -IT'S GOING UNDERGROUND!

OH-WHAT CAN WE DO?



IT STARTED WHEN I THREW ON THE CURRENT! WE'LL TURN IT AROUND AND -- LISTEN!



THE SKYMAN HEARS THE DRILL WHIRRING ABOUT IN SPACE---



THE DRILL IS WHIRLING IN AIR - THAT MEANS WE'VE CUT ACROSS THE TUNNEL OF TAGGART'S BORER-AND HE'S HEADING FOR THE SUBWAY'S POWER PLANTS, NEAR HERE!



HE'S GOING TO PLANT UNDERGROUND BOMBS! -ONLY HOPE WE'RE IN TIME TO STOP HIM!





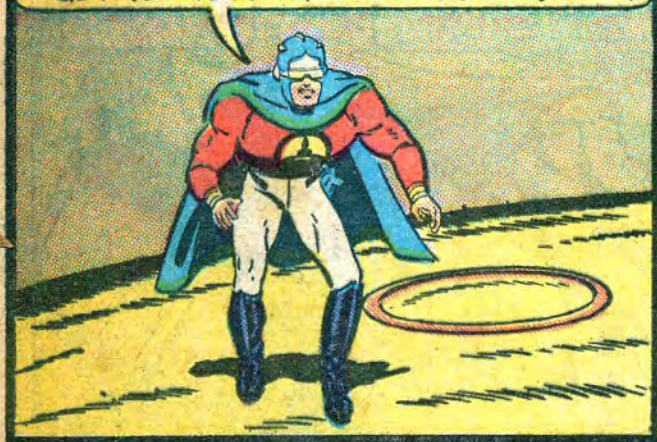
THE SKYMAN'S BORER MAKES SWIFT TIME, IN THE TUNNEL ALREADY DUG FOR IT!



THAT SOUND OF METAL SCRAPING AGAINST METAL! WE'VE REACHED THE OTHER BORER!

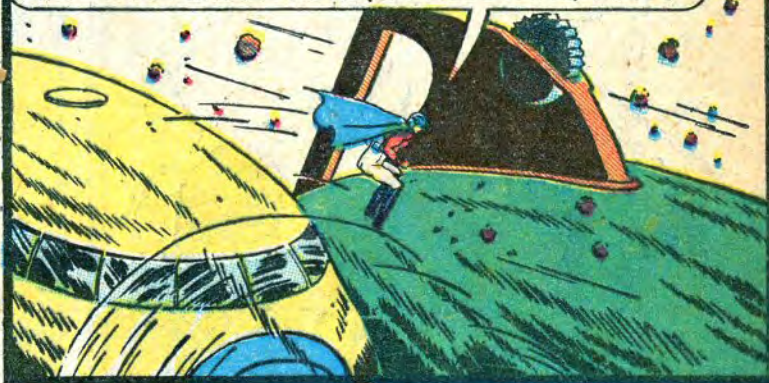


I'VE GOT TO GET IN THERE BEFORE THEY GET SET TO PLANT THOSE BOMBS!



IN THE FACE OF FLYING DIRT AND ROCK, THE SKYMAN LEAPS ---

I'D RATHER BE IN THE WING - IN GOOD, CLEAN AIR - THAN UNDER HERE, SWALLOWING DIRT!

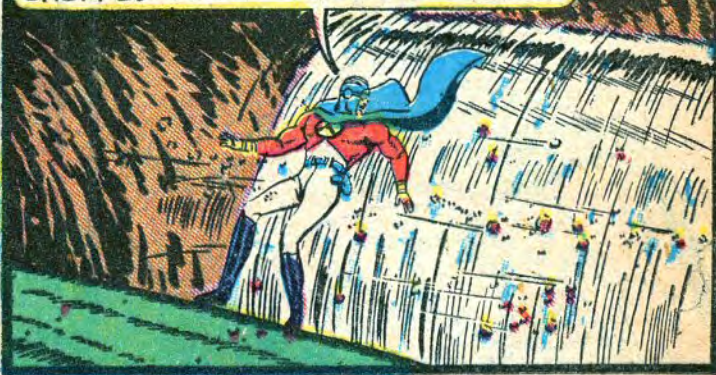


PHEW! THIS DIRT IS AWFUL! I'LL HAVE TO STEP ON IT - OR IT'LL DRIVE ME OFF - AND INTO THE DRILL OF MY OWN BORER!



A HAND SLIPS - THE FLYING DIRT FORCES HIM BACKWARDS ---

IF I FALL INTO MY DRILL - I'LL BE CHOPPED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!



IN THE TAGGART BORER ---

DO YOU HEAR THAT? A DRILL - FOLLOWING US?

YEAH! STOP THE BORER AND LISTEN!



THE BORER STOPS - THE SKYMAN TOPPLES FOR THE WHIRLING DRILL OF HIS MACHINE ---

THIS - IS THE END!





BUT FAWN, DRIVING THE BORER - HEARS HER DRILL BITE INTO METAL - AND STOPS HER ENGINES

I GUESS THE SKYMAN REACHED THE BORER - IT HAS SUDDENLY STOPPED!



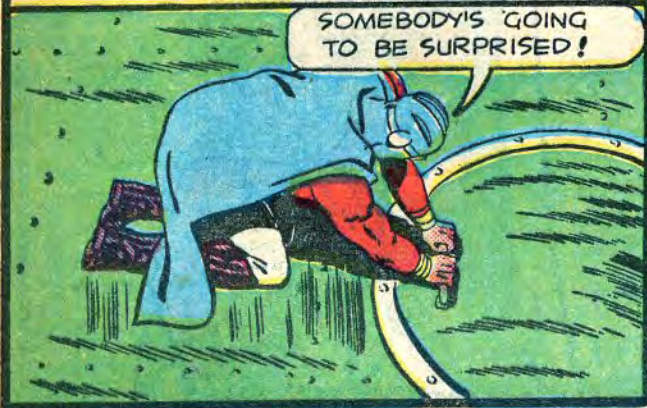
THE SKYMAN CLINGS TO A SHARP DRILL-EDGE, THAT IF IT HAD BEEN MOVING - WOULD HAVE SLICED HIM IN TWO---

BOY - WAS THAT CLOSE!



UNIMPEDED BY THE FLOW OF DIRT AND ROCKS, HE REACHES THE DOOR OF THE OTHER BORER ----

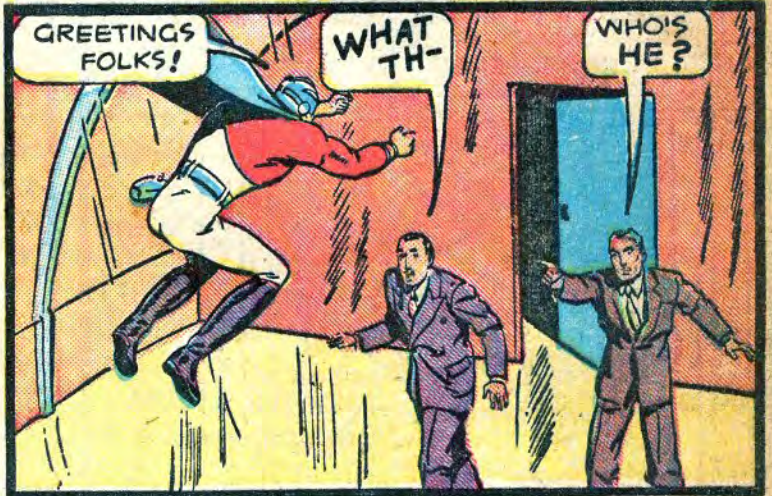
SOMEBODY'S GOING TO BE SURPRISED!



GREETINGS FOLKS!

WHAT TH-

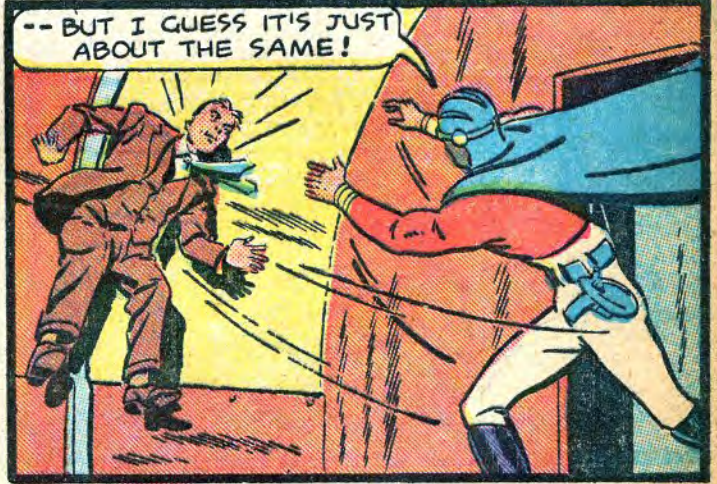
WHO'S HE?



I'VE NEVER FOUGHT SO FAR UNDERGROUND---



-- BUT I GUESS IT'S JUST ABOUT THE SAME!



SPEAK! WHERE'S HANNERS? WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT HERE--?

DON'T HIT ME AGAIN- I'LL TELL!

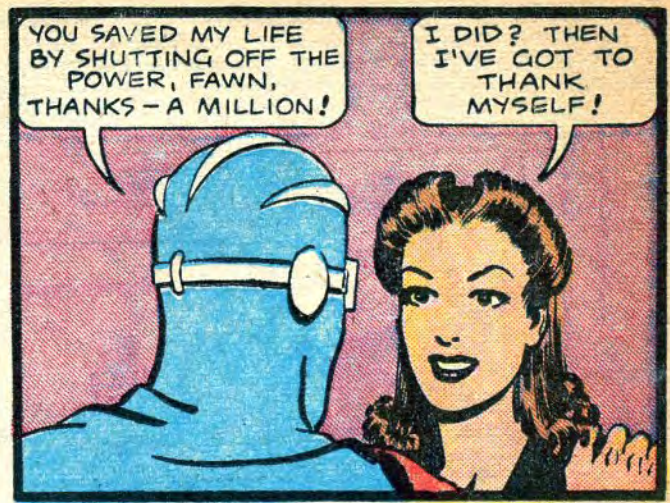
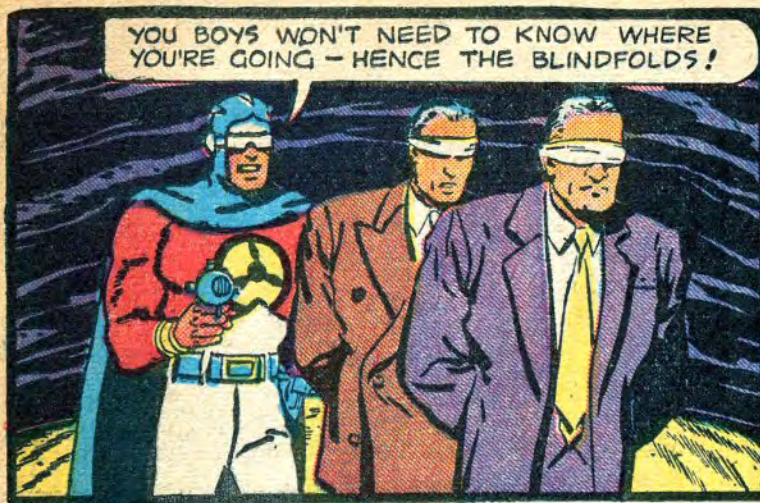


HANNERS BUILT TWO MORE OF THESE BORERS, FROM PLANS HE STOLE FROM TAGGART! WE WERE GOING AFTER THE POWER PLANT TO DESTROY IT--

AND MAKE MORE TROUBLE FOR THE SUBWAY THAT WOULDN'T STAND FOR HANNERS' ROBBING TACTICS!



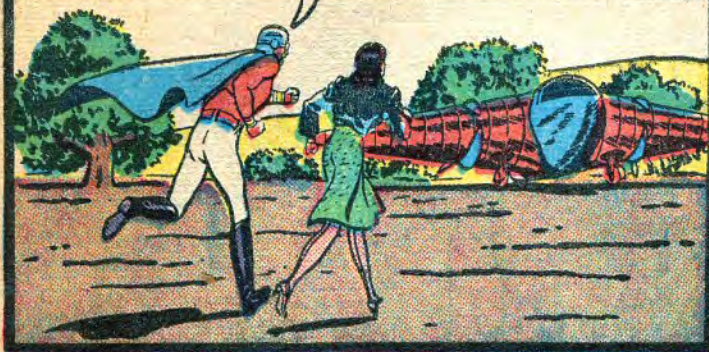






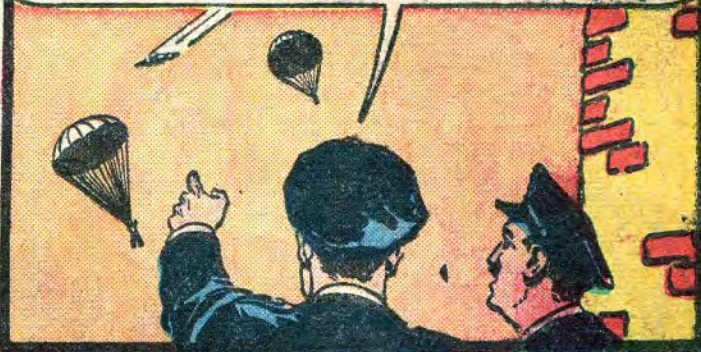
DRIVING THE BORER BACK TO THE SKYDROME,  
THE SKYMAN PREPARES FOR THE CLIMAX--

THE MEN ON THE WING - ALL WE HAVE DO IS  
DROP 'EM OFF-THEN GO AFTER THE OTHERS!



PARACHUTES CARRY THE WOULD-BE POWER  
PLANT EXPLODERS TO JUSTICE

HERE COME A COUPLE MORE CROOKS-AND  
THERE GOES THE SKYMAN! WHAT A GUY!



WHEN WE'RE OVER THE SPOT WHERE THAT  
ATOMIC-DRIVE BORER IS -THE ELECTRON  
TUBE WILL GLOW-AND THE METAL  
PLATE TURN RED!

I'LL  
WATCH  
IT!



AN HOUR LATER-OVER SUBURBAN NEW JERSEY-

LOOK! LOOK! THE TUBE GLOWS! THE BORER  
-IS SOMEWHERE BENEATH US!



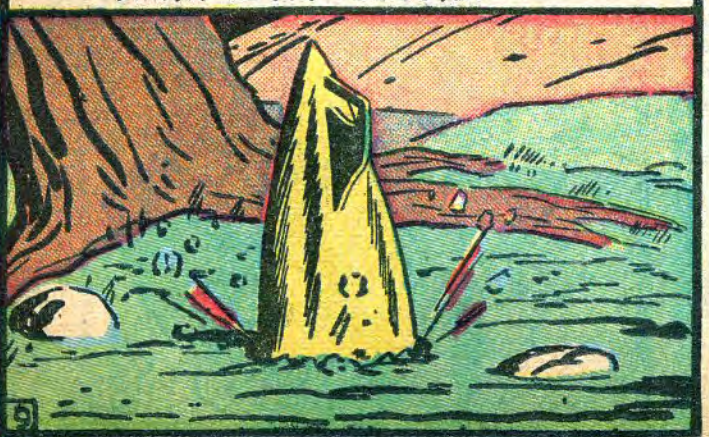
THIS MODEL BORER IS 'FITTED WITH T.N.T!  
WHEN I RELEASE IT -IT'LL DIG UNTIL IT  
MEETS THE BIG BORER - THEN - BLAM!



I'M OVER THE SPOT-  
LET 'ER GO, SKYMAN!



THE BORER HITS EARTH AND  
STARTS TO DIG FURIOUSLY---

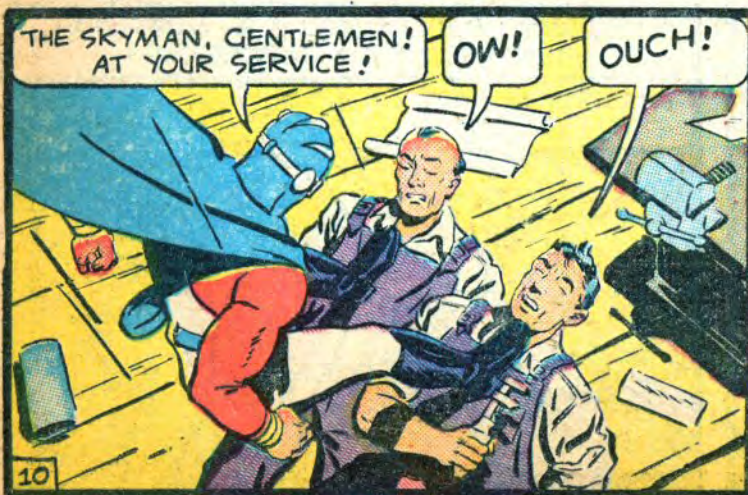
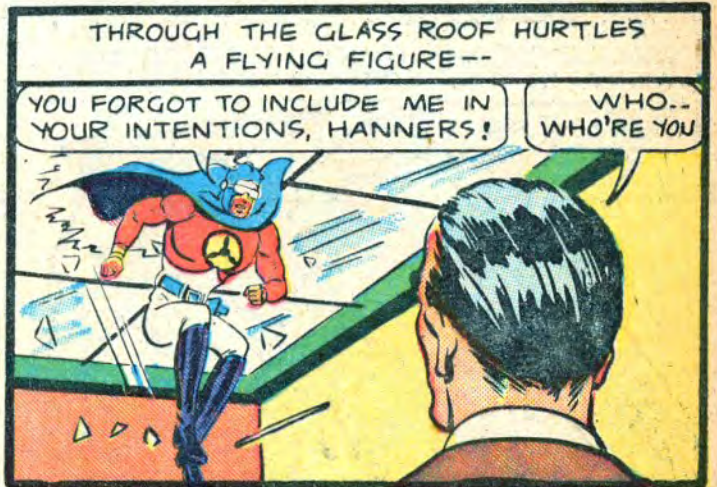
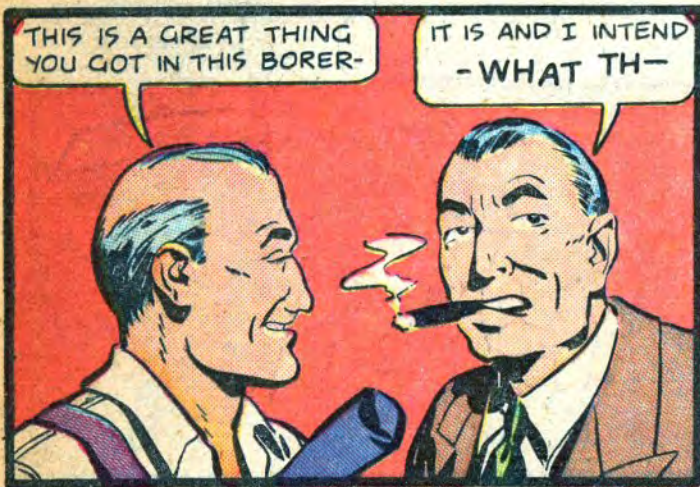
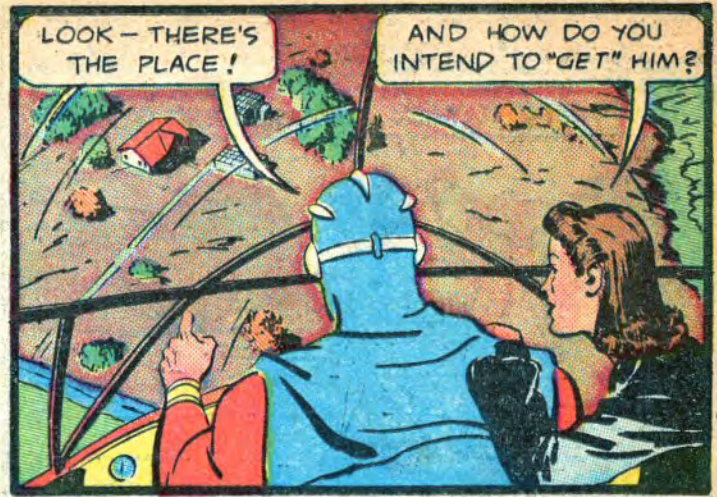
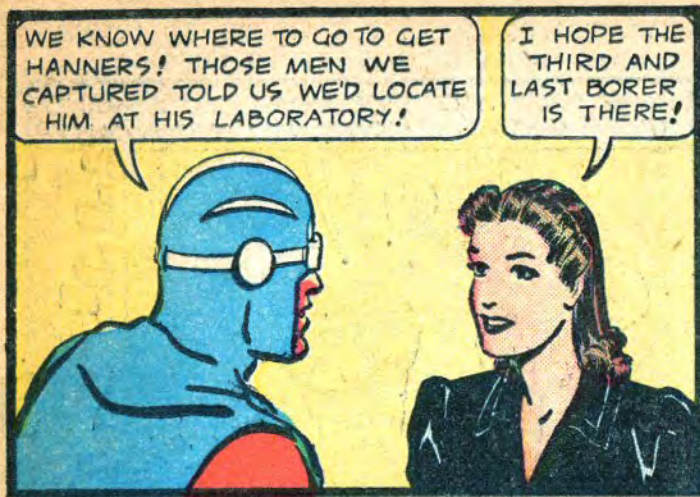


AN INSTANT LATER, THERE IS A MUFFLED  
UNDERGROUND EXPLOSION--

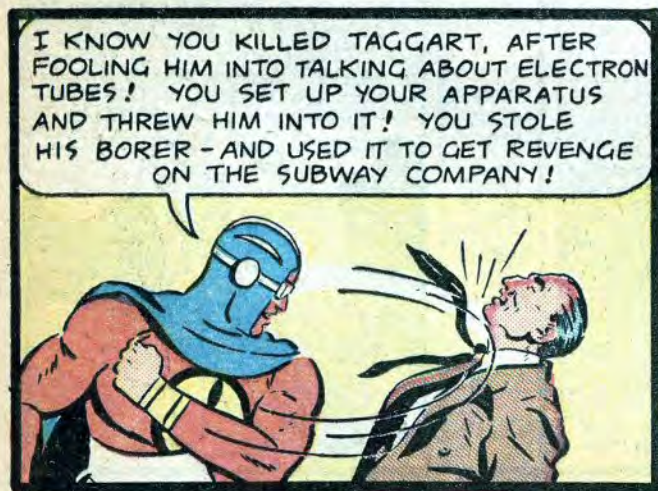
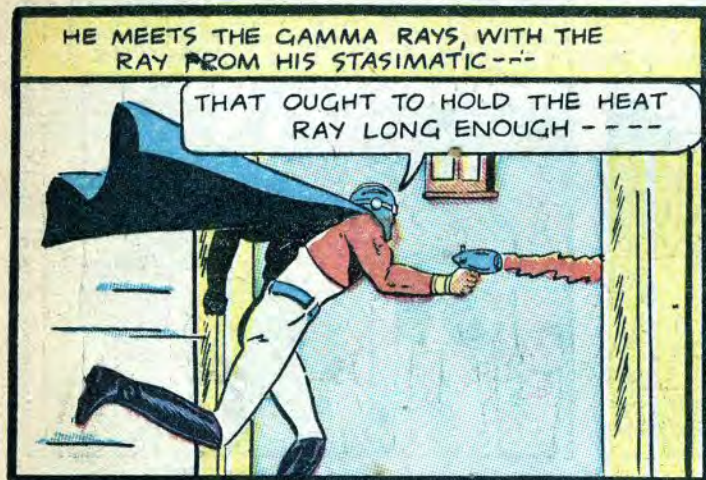
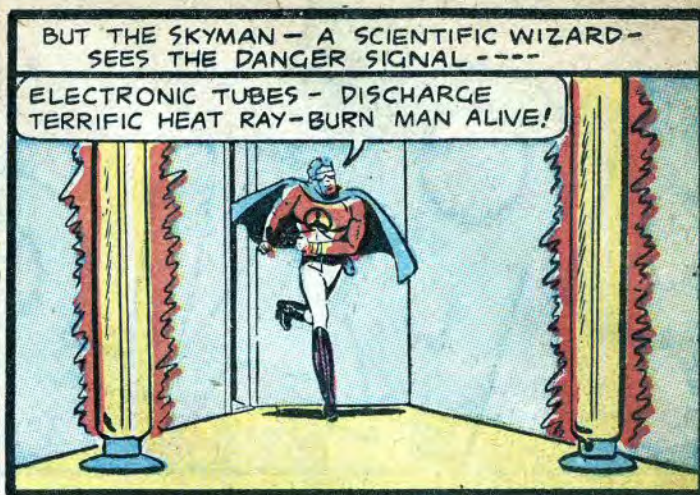
THAT'S THE LAST OF  
THAT BORER!











**BOYS! GIRLS!** WRITE IN TO THE SKYMAN! HE'S MORE THAN ANXIOUS TO HEAR FROM YOU — SO TELL HIM HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY READING HIS ADVENTURES, WHAT IS IT THAT YOU PARTICULARLY LIKE ABOUT HIM, AND SUGGEST NEW AND UNUSUAL THINGS FOR HIM TO DO! REMEMBER, THE SKYMAN IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIS FANS!

address your letters to—

**THE SKYMAN**  
COLUMBIA COMIC CORP,  
369 LEXINGTON AVENUE,  
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

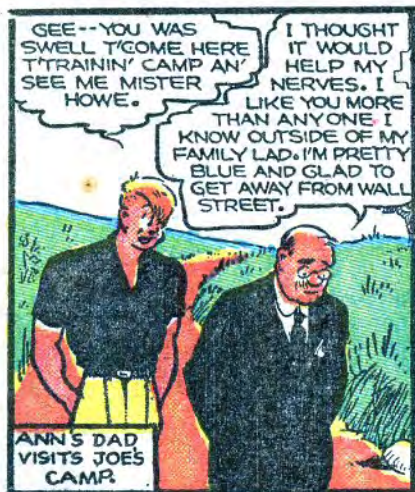
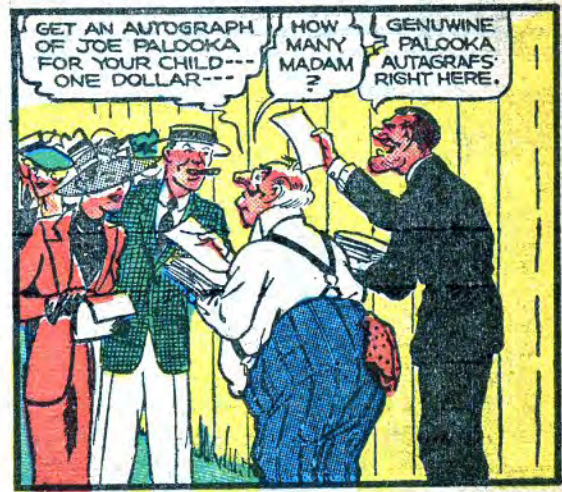
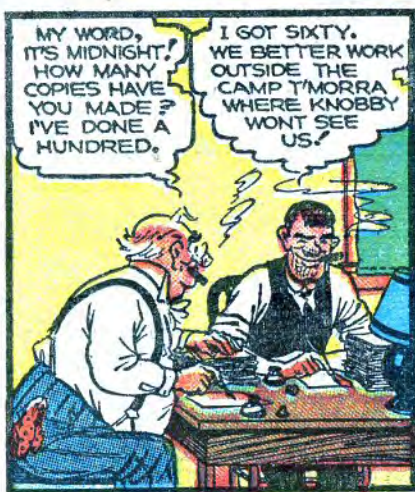
 The Skyman is standing in front of a group of children. The Skyman is on the right, and the children are on the left. The Skyman is holding a book. The background is a simple room.



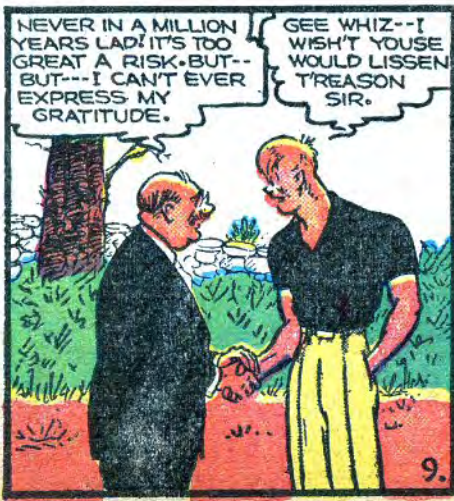
# JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

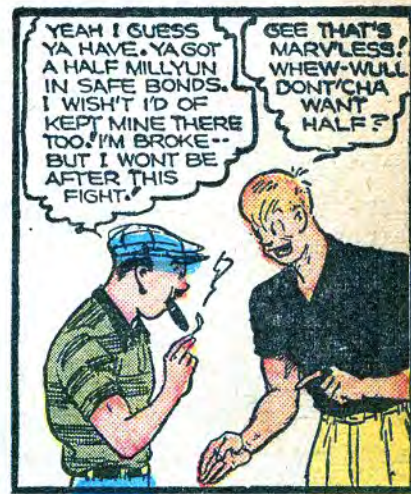
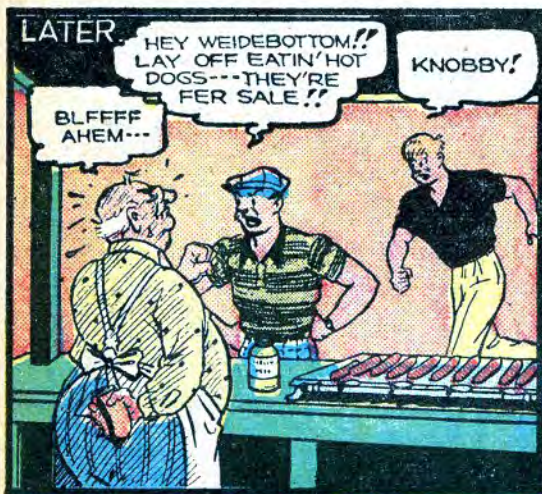
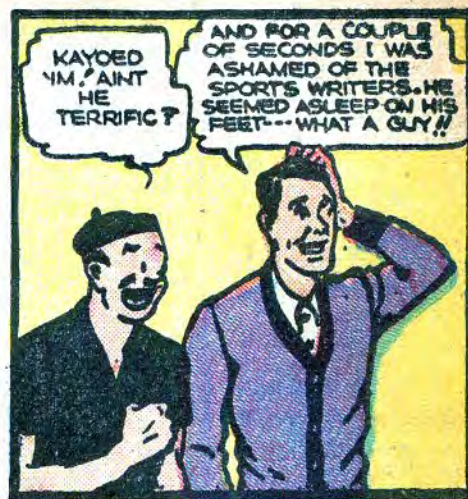
JOE IS TRAINING FOR HIS FIGHT WITH BUDDY PETERS, THE AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION... MANY STRANGERS VISIT HIS CAMP, INCLUDING ONE "CONGRESSMAN" WEIDEBOTTOM, WHO IS APPROACHING JOE....



ANNE'S FATHER TELLS JOE THAT HE IS AT THE BRINK OF BANKRUPTCY.

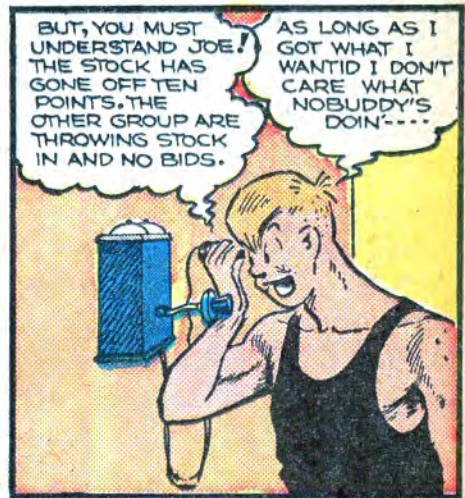
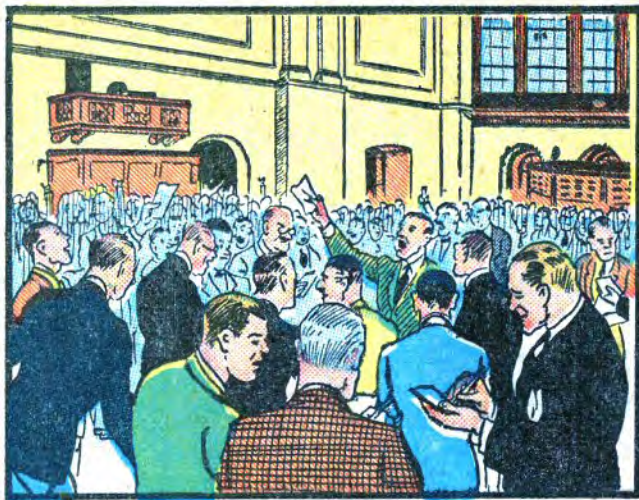








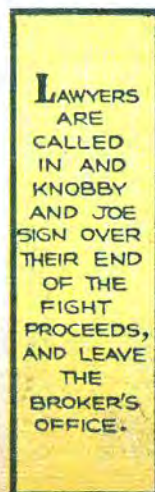
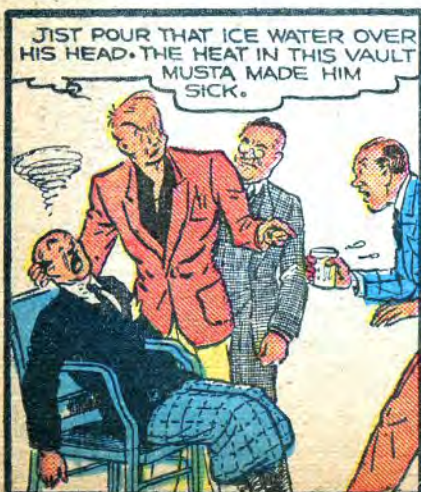
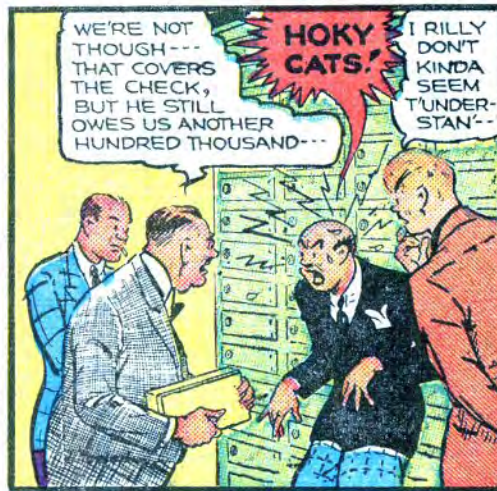
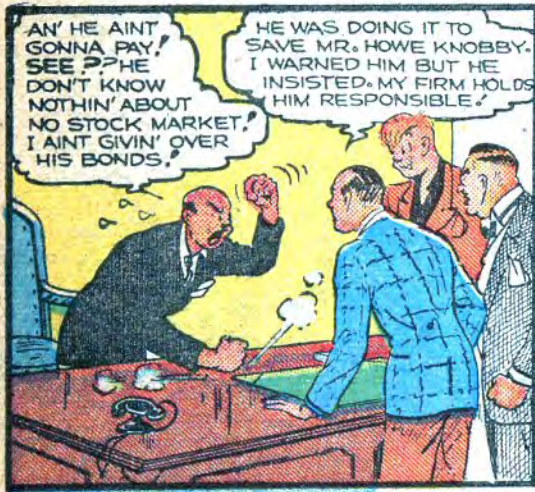
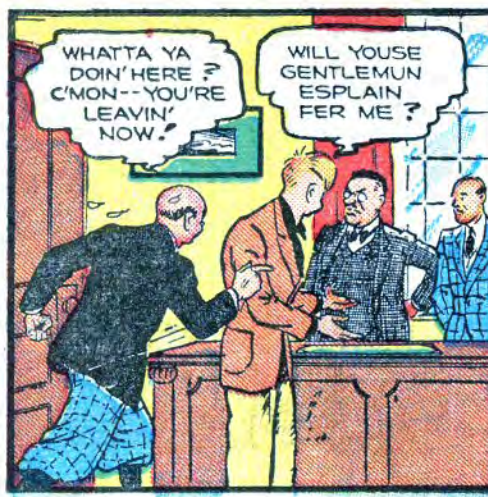
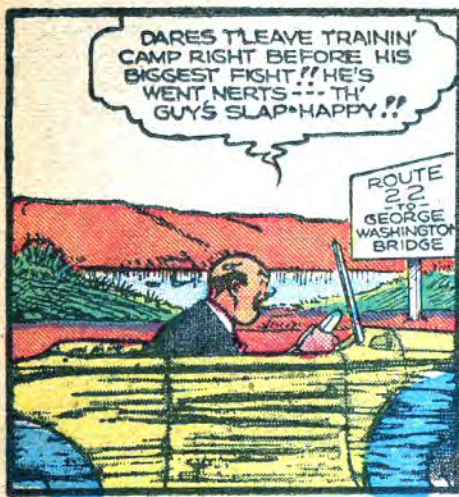
**A** SUDDEN WAVE OF BUYING SETS THE STOCK EXCHANGE FLOOR IN A FLURRY OF EXCITEMENT. MEMBERS RUSH TO A POST WHERE A MAD SCRAMBLE OF SELLING OF HOWE CHEESE SHARES IS TAKING PLACE. AND STILL PAUL'S PARTNER BIDS FOR MORE AT A PRICE OF \$100.00



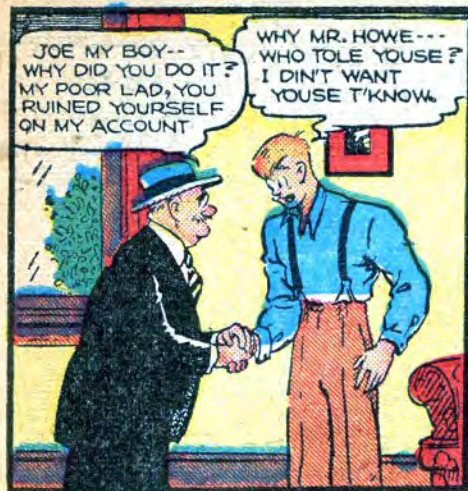




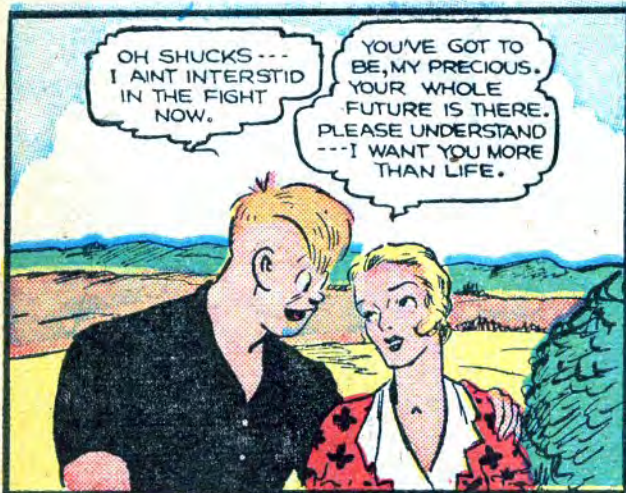
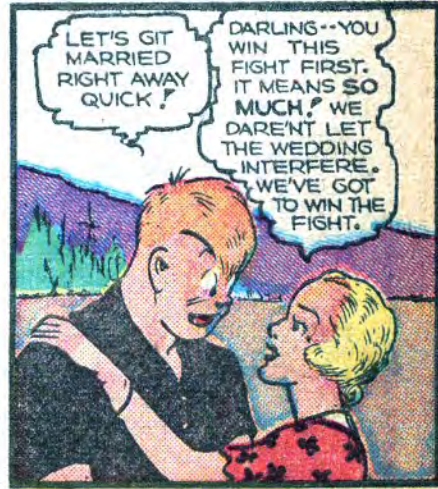
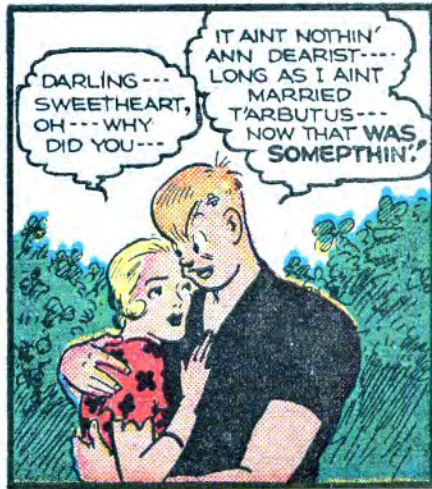




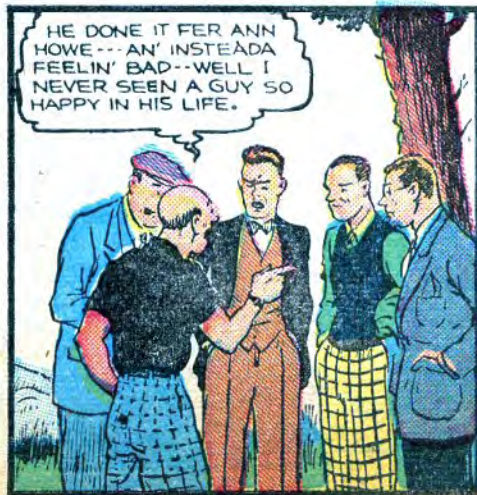
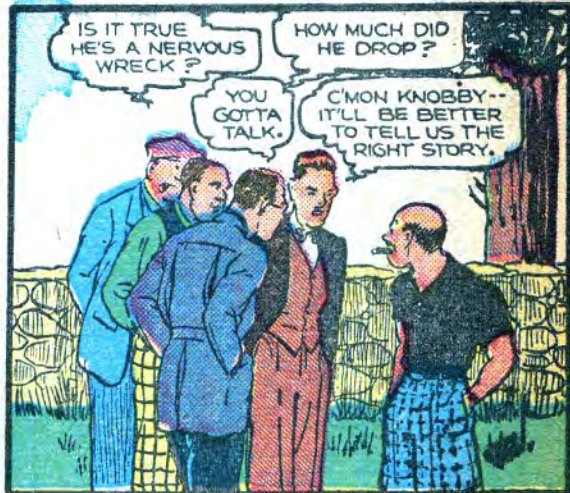




ANN'S BOAT LANDS, AND SHE IS MET BY HER FATHER, WHO TELLS HER OF JOE'S SACRIFICE. SHE RUSHES TO HIS TRAINING CAMP.



THE ODDS HAVE GONE TO SEVEN TO FIVE ON PETERS. THE STORY OF JOE'S STOCK MARKET PLUNGE HAS MADE THE PAPERS. WILD REPORTS ARE FLYING ABOUT. THE SPORTS SCRIBES RUSH KNOBBY.



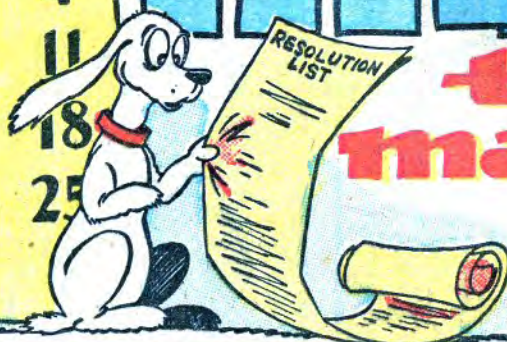


1941 JANUARY 1941

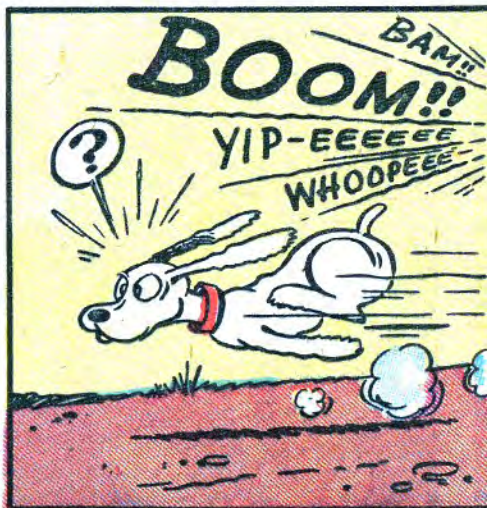
# MIKE

## the mascot

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	



BR-RRR! MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE SET FIRE TO MY DOGHOUSE LAST JULY - IT'S COLD NOW!!

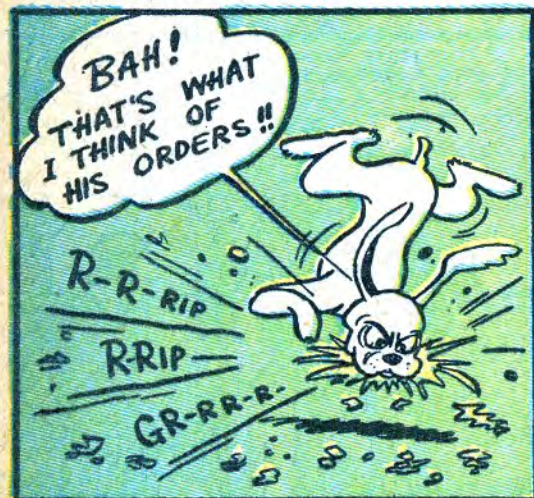


**BOOM!!**  
BAM!!  
YIP-EEEEEE  
WHOOPEEE



- HAPPY NEW YEAR MIKE!  
- HERE'S A LIST OF NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS FOR YOU TO KEEP!

DON'T FIGHT.  
DON'T GROWL.  
DON'T CHASE CAT.  
DON'T SLEEP MUCH.  
DON'T EAT MUCH.  
DON'T STEAL.  
DON'T GET MAD  
DON'T



**BAH!**  
THAT'S WHAT I THINK OF HIS ORDERS!!

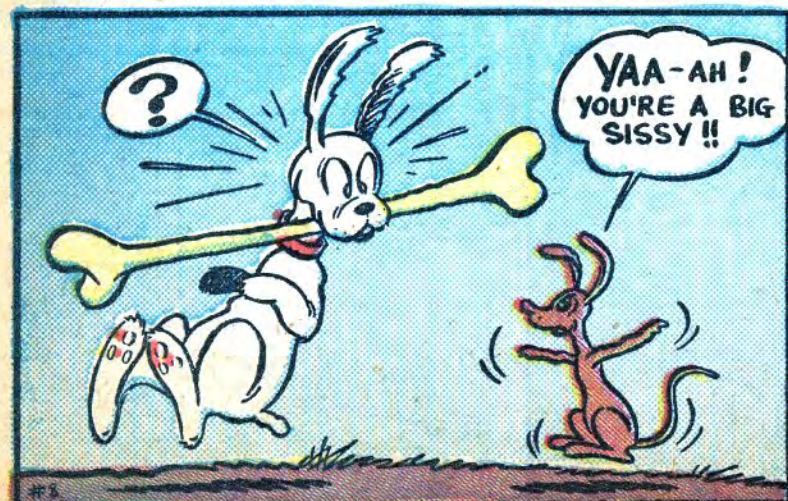
R-R-RIP  
RRIP  
GR-RR-R-



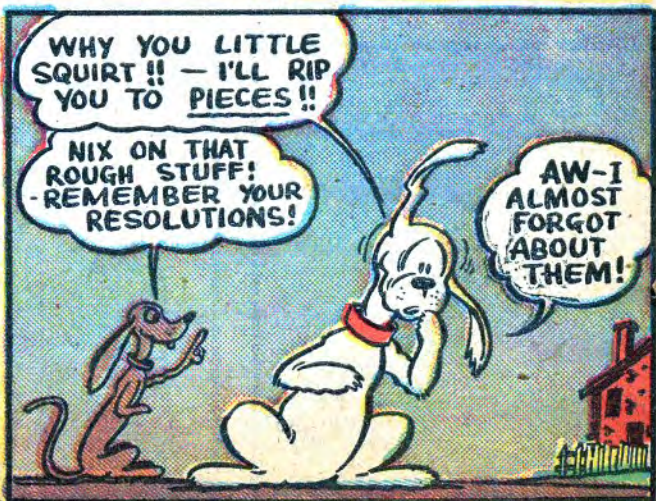
HERE MIKE! -  
- HERE'S A BIG BONE FOR YOU - I'LL GIVE YOU ONE EVERY DAY UNTIL YOU BREAK YOUR PROMISES!!



MM-MMM!!  
- THIS IS LIVING IN STYLE!! I'LL KEEP THOSE RESOLUTIONS -- AS LONG AS IT PAYS!!



**YAA-AH!**  
YOU'RE A BIG SISSY!!



WHY YOU LITTLE SQUIRT!! - I'LL RIP YOU TO PIECES!!

NIX ON THAT ROUGH STUFF! - REMEMBER YOUR RESOLUTIONS!

AW-I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THEM!





AH!! THERE'S A CAT I CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF CHASING!!

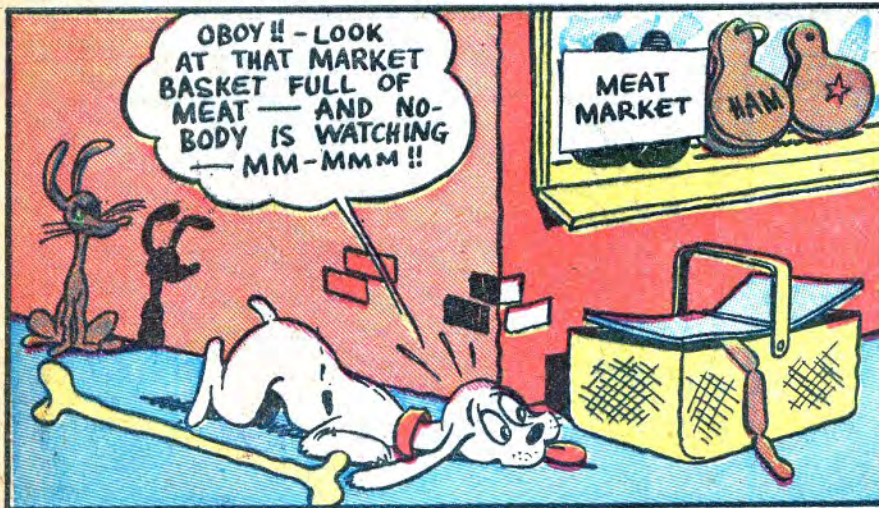
GR-R

MEOW



UH-UH!! -THAT'S TABOO ACCORDING TO YOUR RULES!!!

AW- YOU WOULD REMIND ME!!



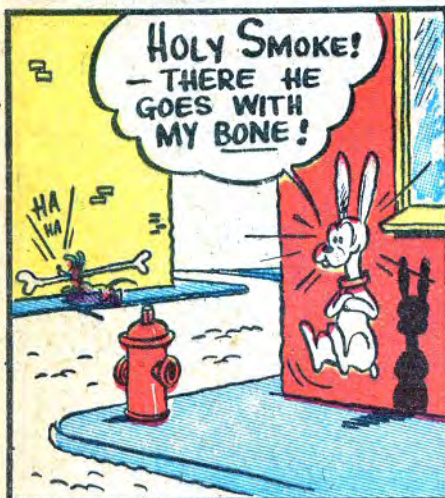
OBOY!! -LOOK AT THAT MARKET BASKET FULL OF MEAT - AND NO-BODY IS WATCHING - MM-MMM!!

MEAT MARKET

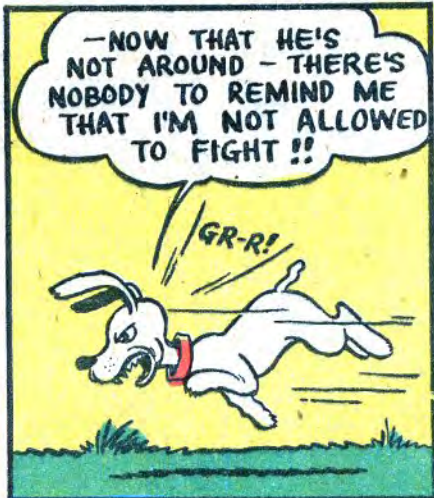
HAM



NOW WHY DOESN'T THAT HEARTLESS MUTT BUTT IN AND TELL ME ABOUT MY PROMISES?



HOLY SMOKE! -THERE HE GOES WITH MY BONE!



-NOW THAT HE'S NOT AROUND - THERE'S NOBODY TO REMIND ME THAT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO FIGHT!!

GR-R!



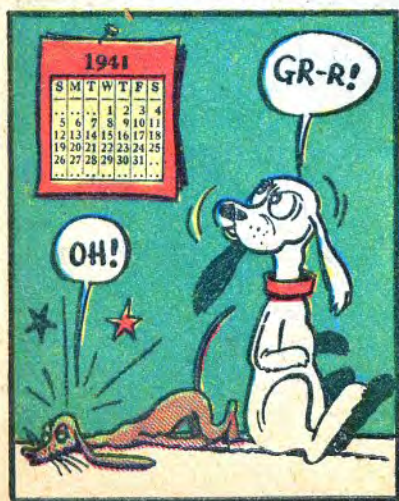
STEAL MY BONE - WILL'YA?

GR-RR

OO-OW!

GR-RR-R

YEOW!



GR-R!

OH!



A NEW YEAR - EH?

R-RIP

RIP!



THERE! - NOW I WON'T HAF'ITA WORRY ABOUT RESOLUTIONS UNTIL NEXT YEAR!

1941

JANUARY



# TOM KERRY

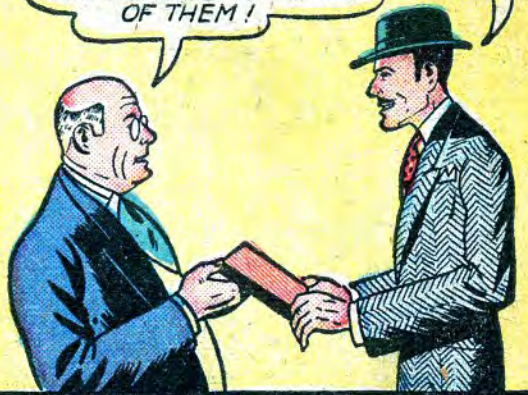
## DISTRICT ATTORNEY

BY GENE BAXTER

ON THE OFFICE OF THE METRO JEWEL COMPANY...

HERE ARE THE DIAMONDS, TRAVIS. YOU KNOW THEY ARE PRICELESS. BE CAREFUL OF THEM!

TRUST ME!



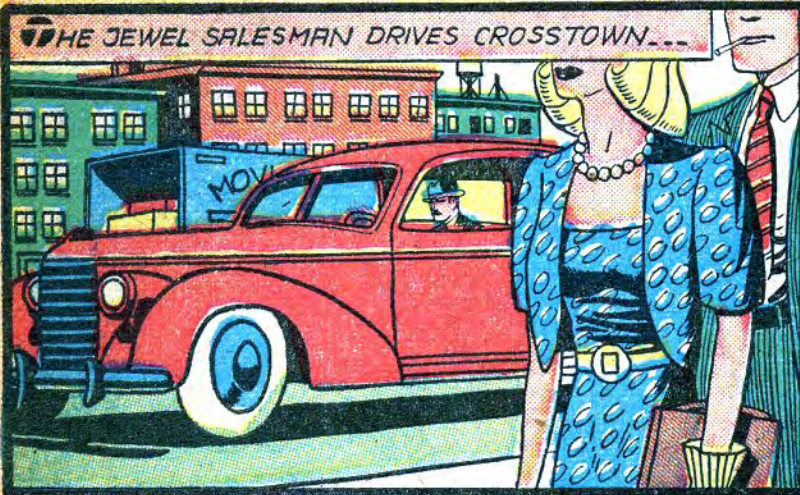
I'LL HAVE THESE OVER TO THE HOTEL FOR THE SMITHS IN A FEW MINUTES!



IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO GET WHERE I'M GOING!

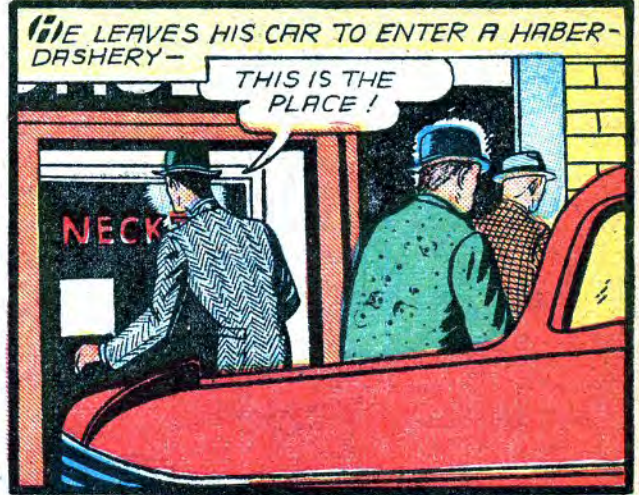


THE JEWEL SALESMAN DRIVES CROSTOWN...



HE LEAVES HIS CAR TO ENTER A HABERDASHERY—

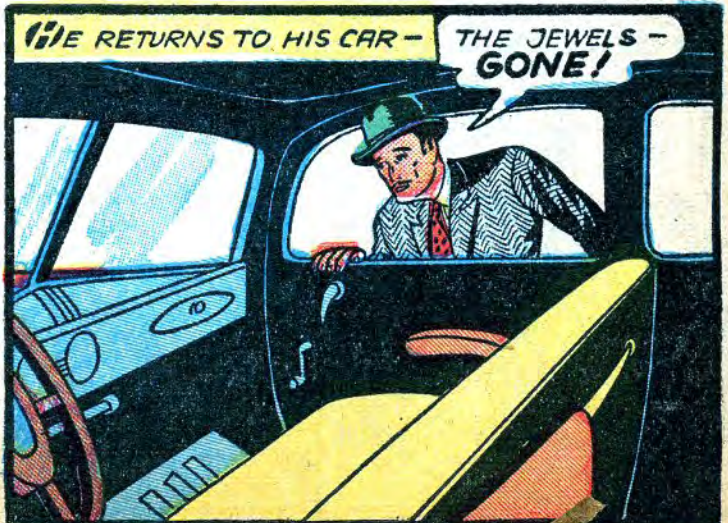
THIS IS THE PLACE!



NO, DON'T THINK I'LL TAKE ANY—



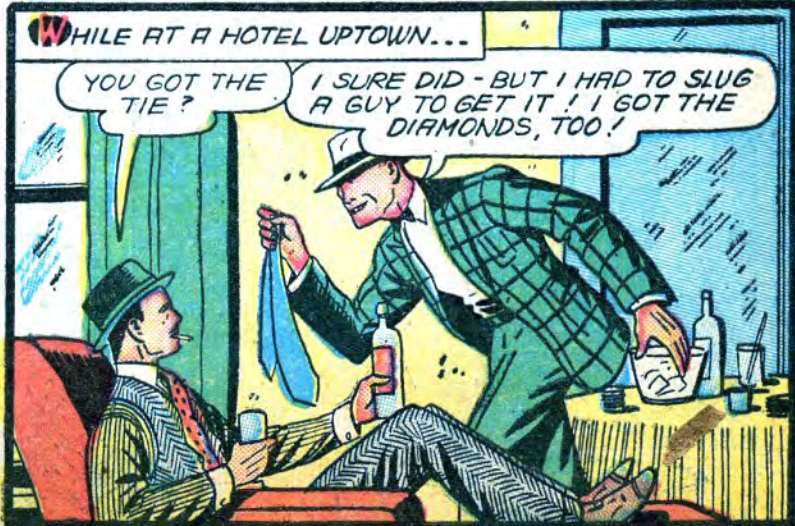
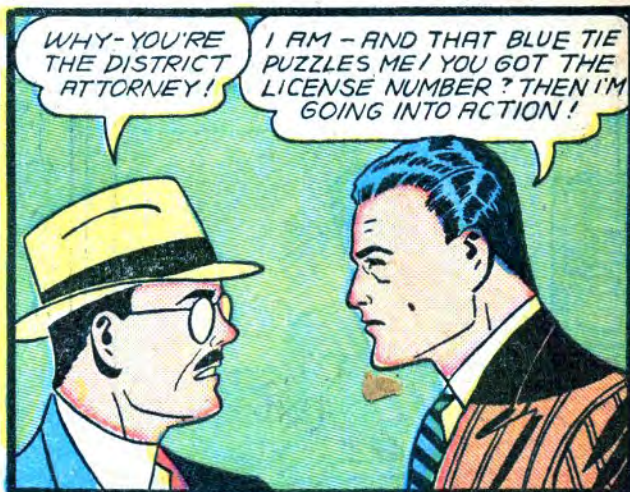
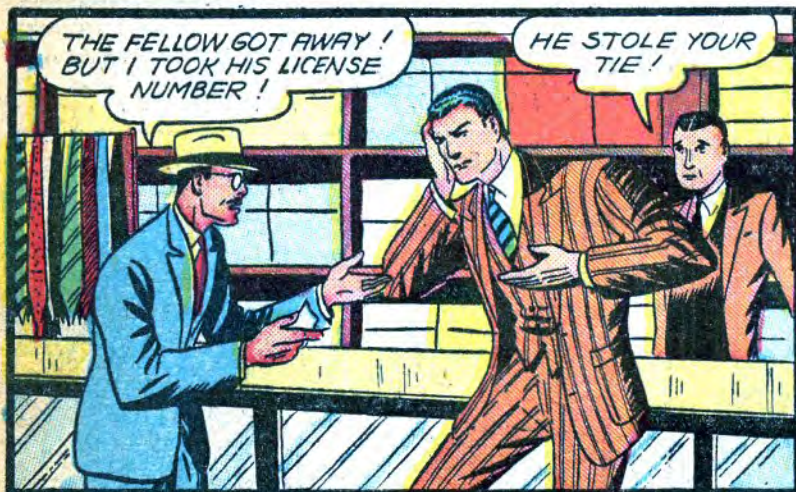
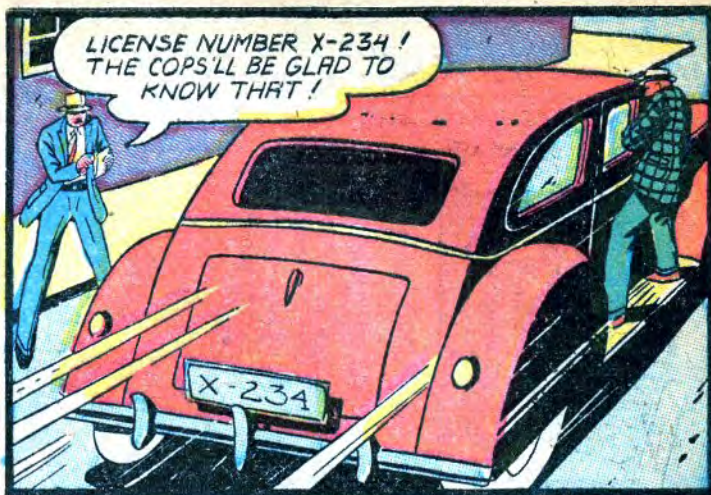
HE RETURNS TO HIS CAR— THE JEWELS— GONE!



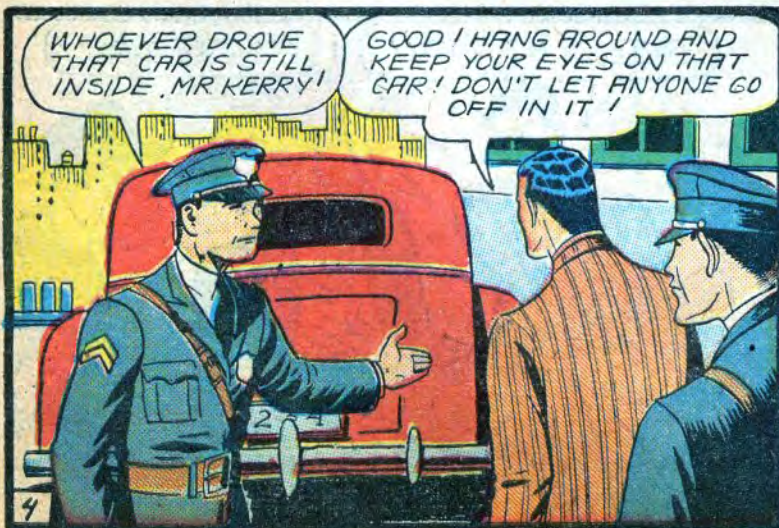
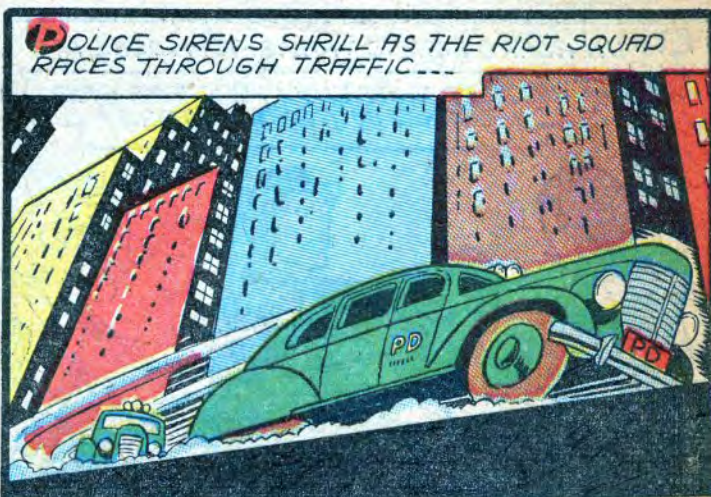
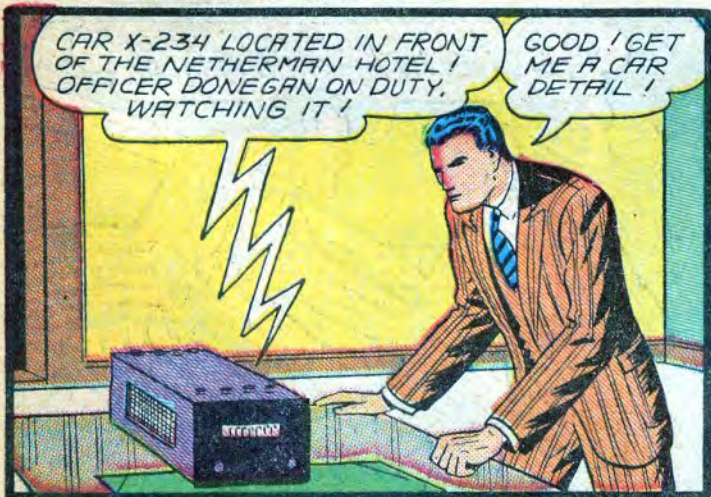
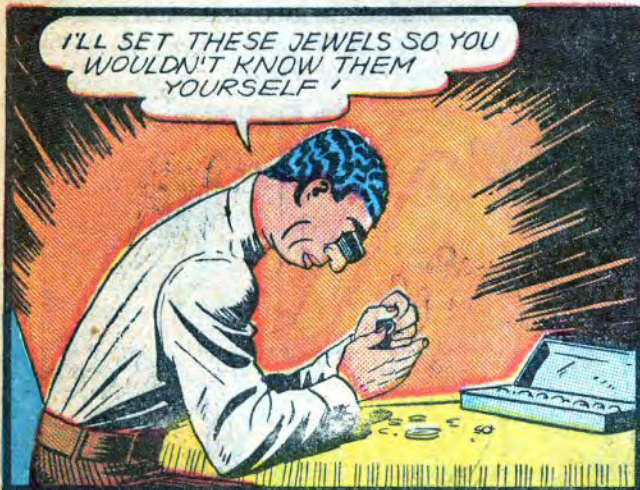




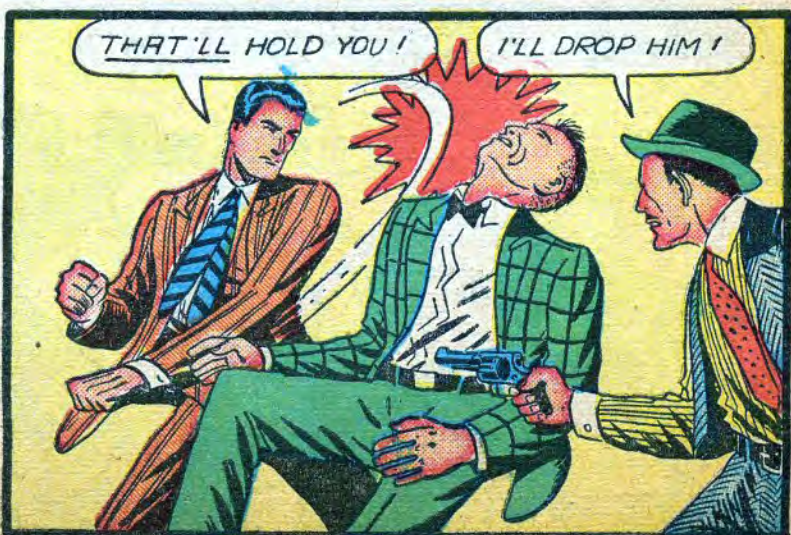
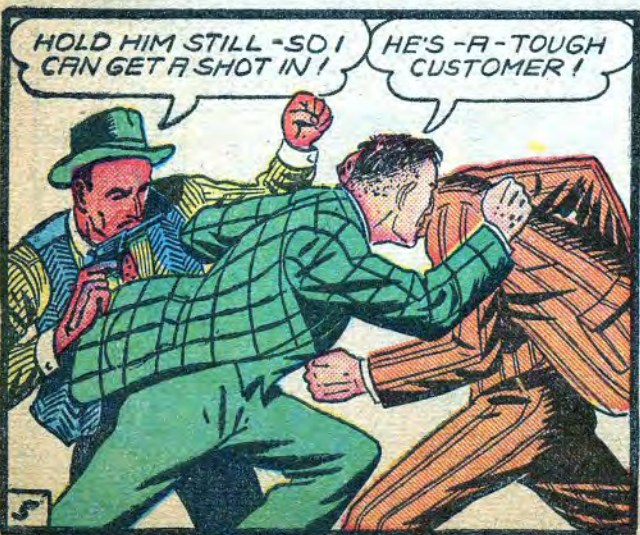
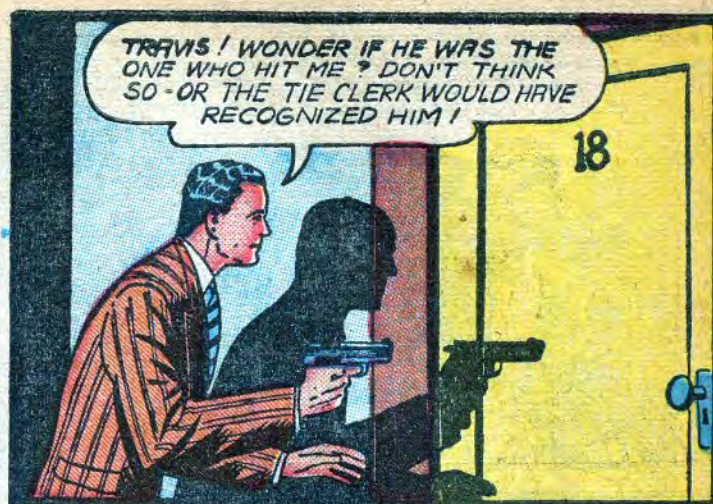




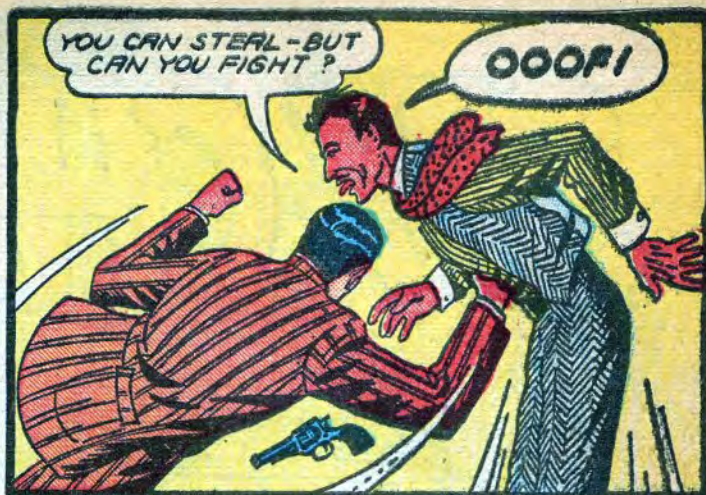
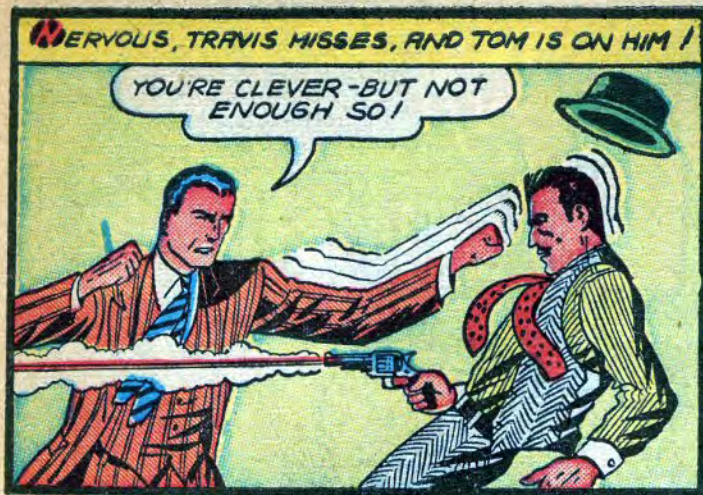












**WATCH THIS TWO-FISTED, BATTLING DISTRICT ATTORNEY GO AFTER CRIMINALS HE APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN EACH ISSUE OF BIG SHOT COMICS!**



# SPY-CHIEF

THE AMERICAS EXPAND THEIR NAVIES! IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE PROGRAM IS THE UNITED STATES — BUILDING HUGE BATTLEWAGONS, CRUISERS AND — SUBMARINES!

A NEW SUBMARINE — THE Z-9 — IS LAUNCHED!

I — NAGDA NORRIS — CHRISTEN YOU — Z-9!

THE GIRL'S POCKETBOOK OPENS — AND SOME SHEET MUSIC FALLS AT THE FEET OF JEFF CARDIFF...

I'LL GET IT!

JEFF FROWNS AS HE STARES AT THE MUSIC...

MY MUSICAL SCORE, PLEASE! AND THANK YOU —

I THINK I'D LIKE THIS NUMBER! WHAT'S THE NAME OF IT?

IT'S CALLED 'AMERICA FOREVER!' PATRIOTIC, ISN'T IT?

IT CERTAINLY IS! TOO BAD I CAN'T HEAR YOU PLAY IT FOR ME!

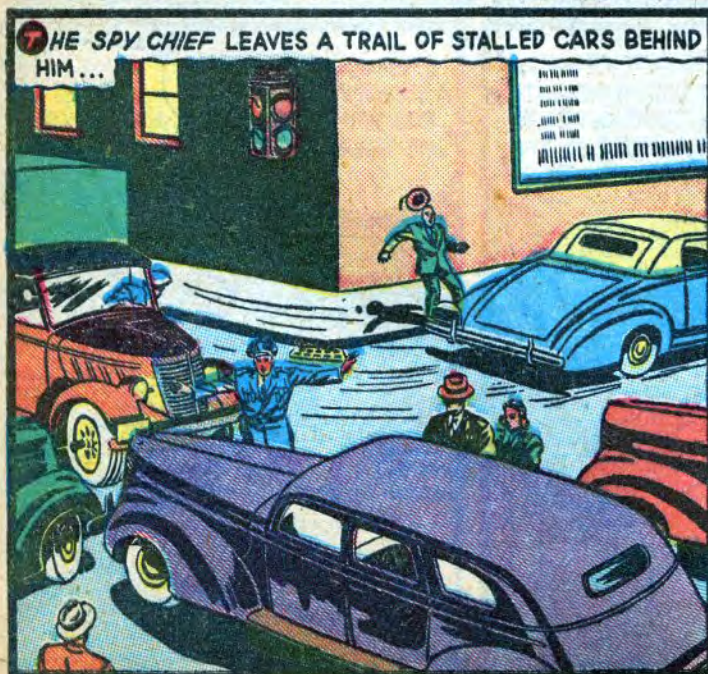
GOOD-BYE — AND GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU!

FOLLOW THAT CAR, CABBIE — LET ME KNOW WHERE IT STOPS AND WHAT THE YOUNG LADY DOES! I THINK I'VE A HUNCH ABOUT HER!

RIGHTO, BOSS!







HE FINDS THE Z-9 — AT TWO MINUTES TO NINE!

LUCKY IT WAS  
MOORED UNTIL SAILING  
ORDERS CAME — !

Z-9

THERE MUST BE A  
TIME-BOMB PLANTED!  
THERE'S NO ONE  
AROUND —

THERE IT IS —  
AND IT'S NINE  
O'CLOCK!

WITH FRANTICALLY WORKING FINGERS  
HE RIPS THE WIRES FREE OF THE  
BOMB!

LUCKY I WASN'T A  
SPLIT-SECOND LATER  
— OR THIS'D HAVE  
GONE UP — AND  
THE Z-9 WITH IT!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY  
NO GUARD WAS LEFT  
ABOARD! I'LL HAVE TO  
ASK THE COMMANDER ON  
DUTY ABOUT THAT!

I TELL YOU I DID  
ASSIGN MEN TO  
THE Z-9! WHERE  
THEY ARE —  
I DON'T KNOW!

I'VE AN IDEA —  
PARDON ME, I'VE  
A DATE WITH A  
TAXI-DRIVER!

WHAT'D YOU  
FIND OUT ABOUT  
THE GIRL? WHERE  
DID SHE GO?

YOU KEPT ME WAITIN'  
'A LONG TIME BUT  
— SHE DROPPED IN  
AT A HOUSE ON THE  
WEST END OF TOWN!

STEP ON IT — THERE'S  
A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL  
FOR YOU IF YOU GET  
ME THERE IN TIME!

I SURE  
WILL STEP  
ON IT!







**THE ASSASSIN FIRES — JEFF FLINGS HIMSELF SIDeways, AND HIS BETRAYER IS KILLED INSTEAD!**



YOU FORGOT ONE THING, OLD MAN — WHEN YOU HAVE A SAFETY CATCH ON A GUN —



— IT MAKES A NOISE WHEN YOU UNSNAP IT — ENOUGH TO WARN THE MAN YOU'RE TRYING TO MURDER!



**JEFF SEARCHES THE HOUSE — AND FINDS THE CELLAR A VAST WORK-ROOM!**

I'LL BET BEETHOVEN AND MOZART WOULD TURN IN THEIR GRAVES IF THEY COULD SEE WHAT THOSE GUYS ARE DOING!



DROP THOSE PENS! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

YOU!



**MAGDA MAKES A DARING ATTEMPT TO SHOOT HER WAY OUT — BUT JEFF SHOOTS HER GUN AWAY —**

DON'T ANYONE ELSE TRY THAT, NEXT TIME — I AIM FOR THE HEAD!



**WARNED BY THE TAXI-DRIVER, THE F.B.I. MAKES A RAID...**

JEFF CARDIFF'S IN THERE — DON'T WASTE A SHOT!



**THE GUESTS AT THE PARTY SURRENDER MECKLY!**

WHERE'S CARDIFF?

HE WAS HERE — BUT HE ISN'T — LOOK!







MISS NAGDA NORRIS!  
WHAT—WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING HERE?

ASK YOUR  
BRIGHT BOY!  
HE FOUND  
ME HERE!



CHIEF—I'VE UNEARTHED  
THE GREATEST GANG OF  
SABOTEURS THIS COUNTRY'S  
EVER SEEN—AND NAGDA  
NORRIS IS THE RINGLEADER!

I DON'T BELIEVE  
IT—WHY SHE'S  
ONE OF THE BEST  
KNOWN WOMEN  
IN WASHINGTON!



EXACTLY! SHE'S NOTED  
FOR HER PARTIES. BUT  
—AT EACH PARTY—  
SHE GIVES A SHEET OF  
MUSIC IN CODE—  
INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE  
NEXT ACT OF SABOTAGE!

WHY—WHY  
—THAT'S  
MUSIC!



JEFF DEMONSTRATES HIS POINT ...

HOW DO YOU  
LIKE THE  
MUSIC!

STOP! IT'S  
AWFUL! I—I  
BELIEVE YOU!

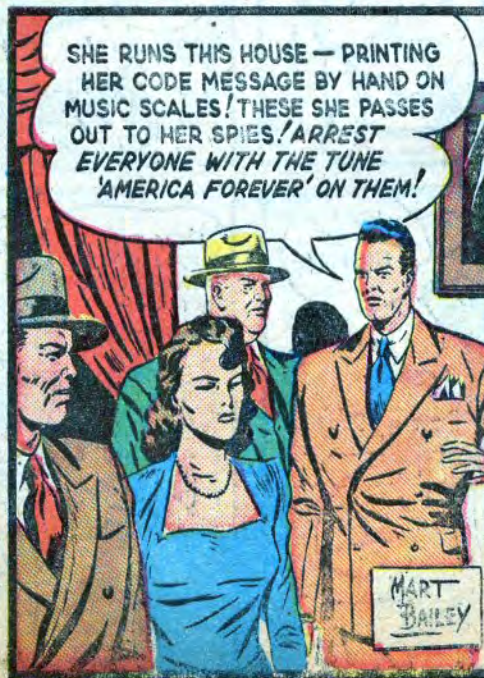


THESE ARE THE THREE MEN  
LEFT TO GUARD THE  
SUBMARINE Z-9! IT WAS  
TIME-BOMBED TO-NIGHT—  
BUT IT DIDN'T WORK!  
THESE MEN ARE SPIES!

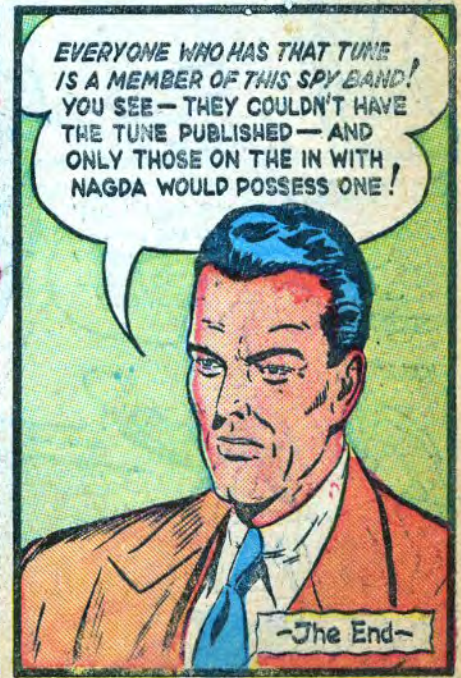


I TAKE MY HAT  
OFF TO YOU! HOW'D  
YOU DISCOVER  
THIS MUSIC  
STUFF, ANYHOW?

I'M AN AMATEUR PIAN-  
IST! THOSE MUSICAL  
NOTES LOOKED MIGHTY  
SOOR TO ME—SO I  
INVESTIGATED  
NAGDA NORRIS!



SHE RUNS THIS HOUSE—PRINTING  
HER CODE MESSAGE BY HAND ON  
MUSIC SCALES! THESE SHE PASSES  
OUT TO HER SPIES! ARREST  
EVERYONE WITH THE TUNE  
'AMERICA FOREVER' ON THEM!

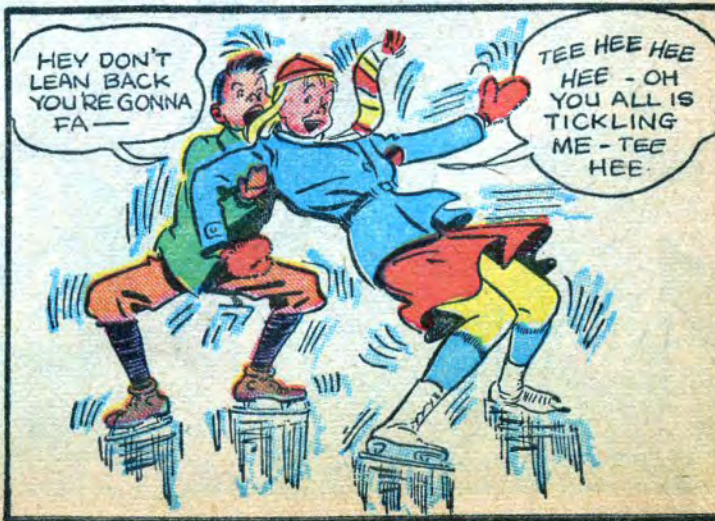
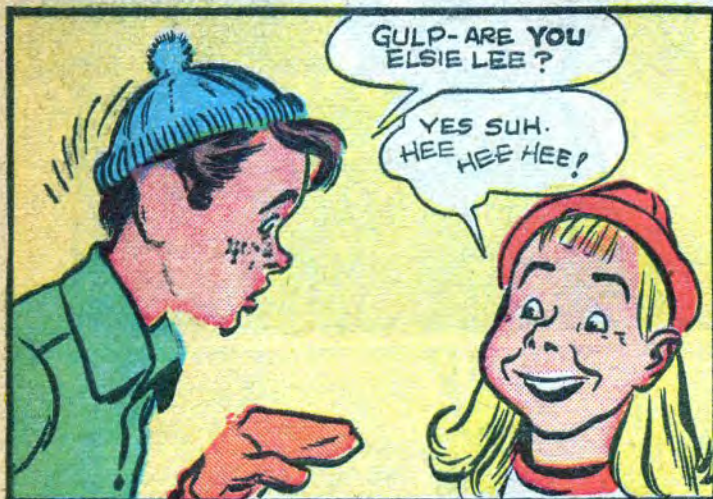


EVERYONE WHO HAS THAT TUNE  
IS A MEMBER OF THIS SPY BAND!  
YOU SEE—THEY COULDN'T HAVE  
THE TUNE PUBLISHED—AND  
ONLY THOSE ON THE IN WITH  
NAGDA WOULD POSSESS ONE!

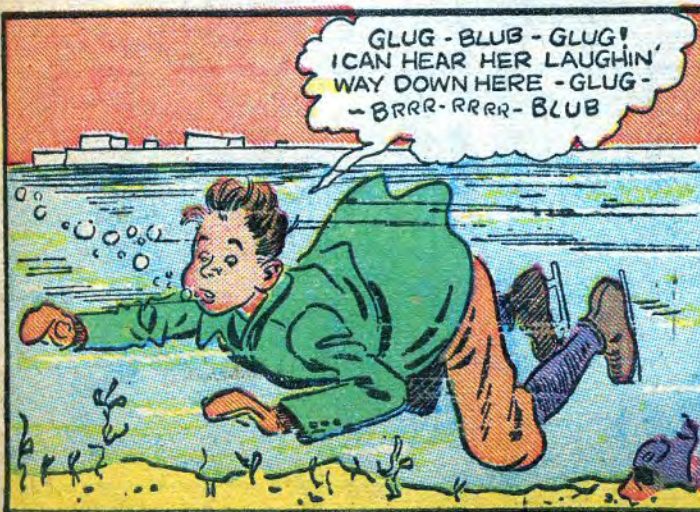
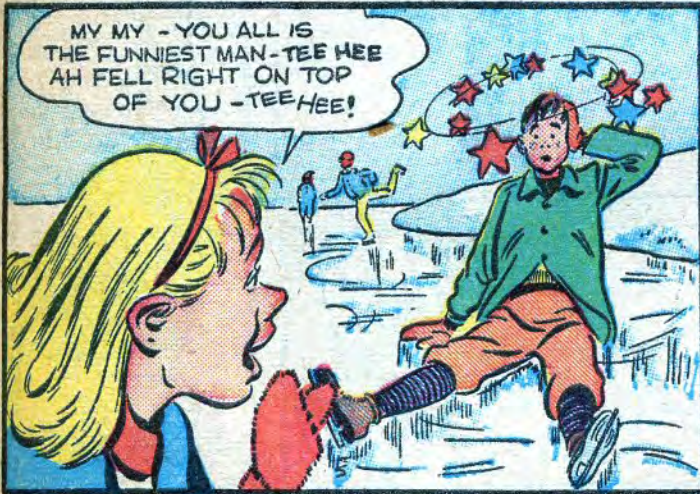
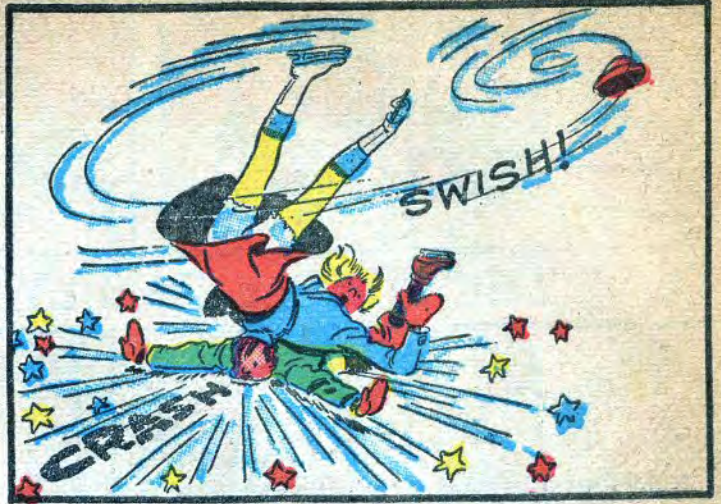
—The End—



# Jibby Jones





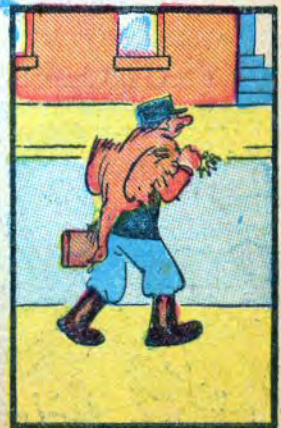
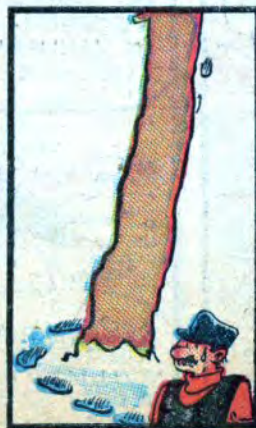
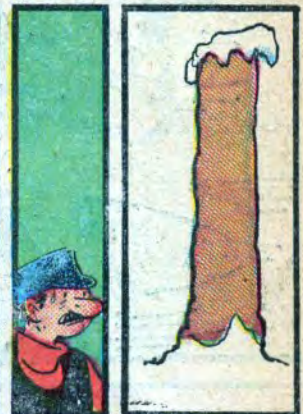
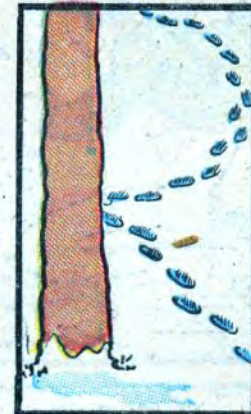
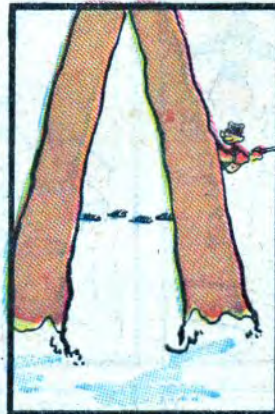
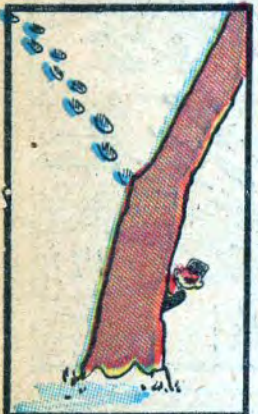
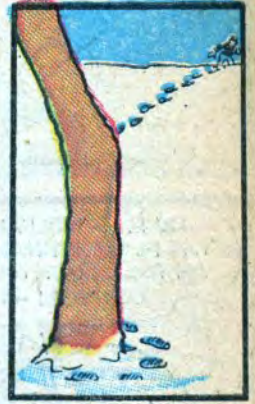
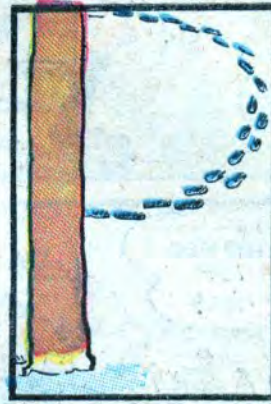
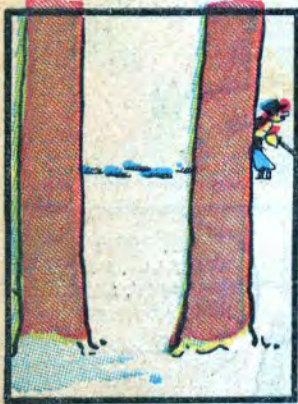






# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

By H. J. TUTHILL



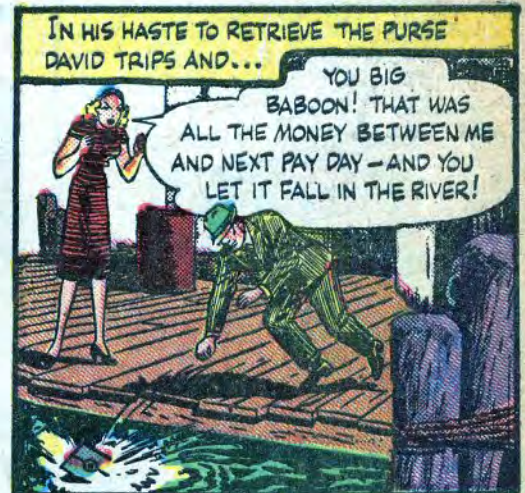
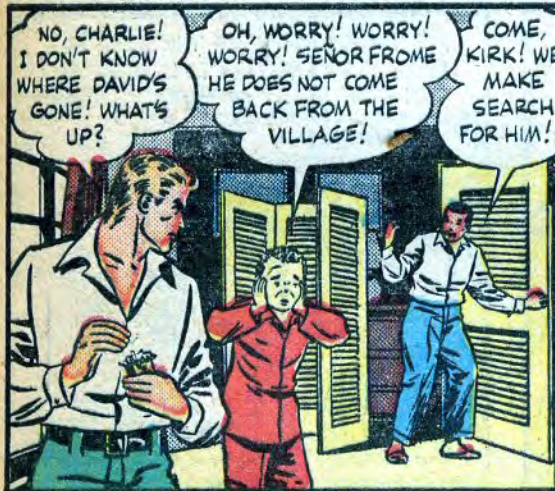




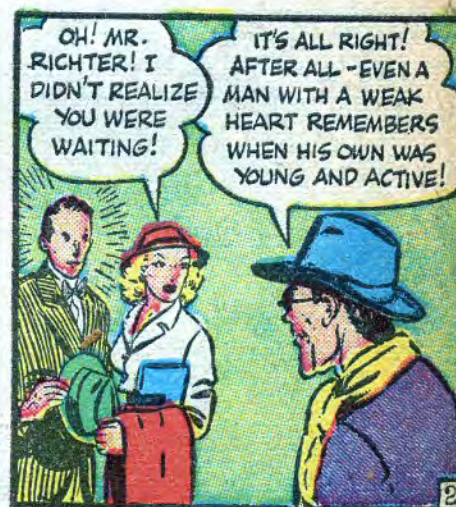
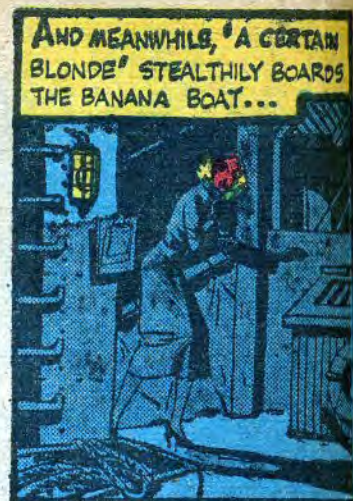
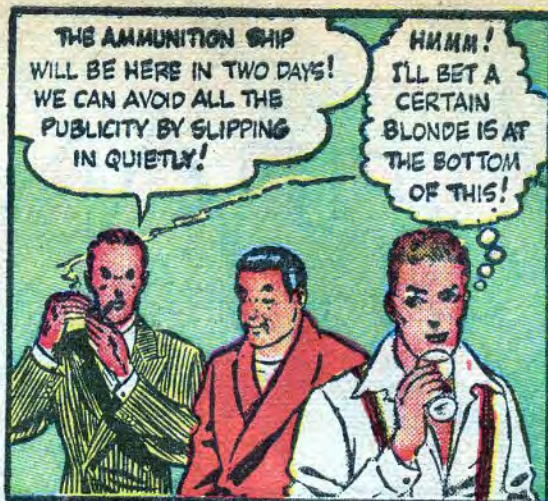
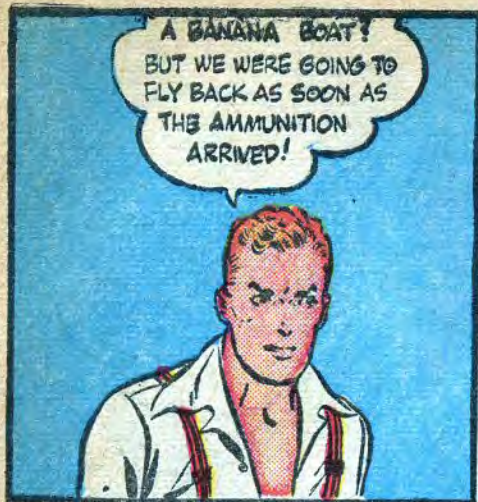
# Charlie CHAN

by Alfred  
ANDREWS

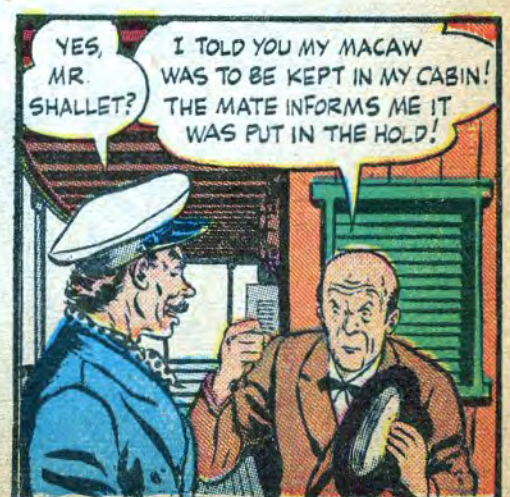
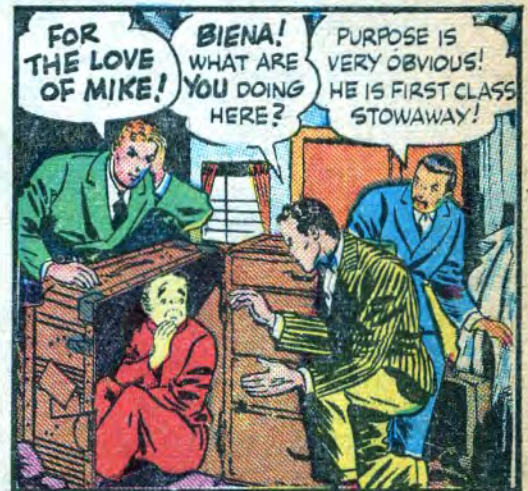
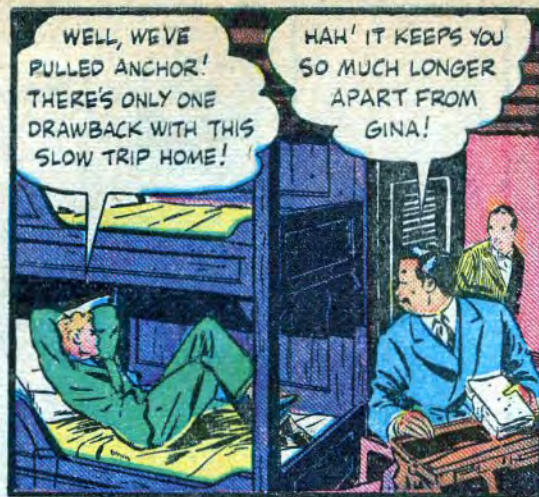
HAVING RESCUED  
DAVID FROME, WHO  
HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED,  
CHARLIE AND KIRK  
PREPARE TO RE-  
TURN TO THE  
UNITED STATES  
.....



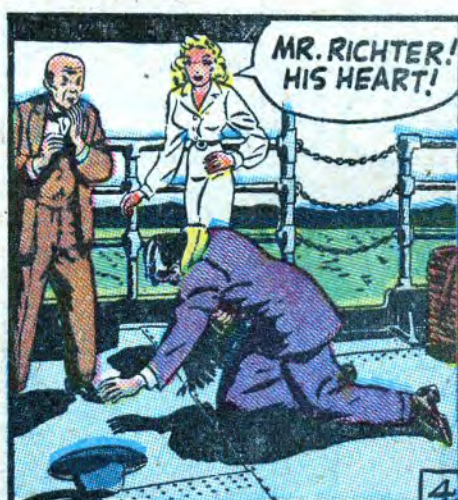




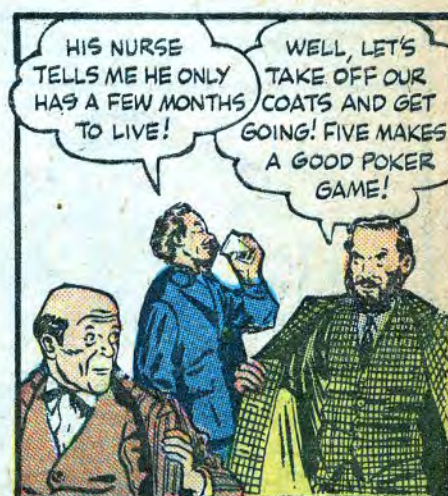
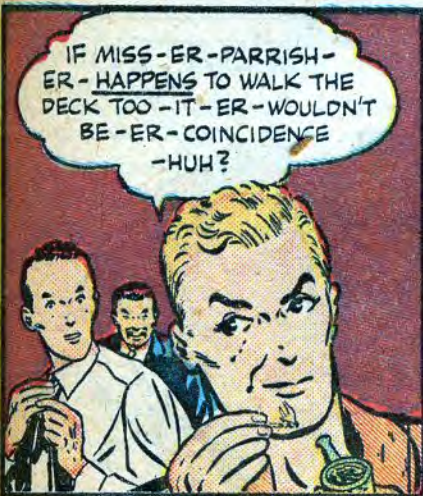
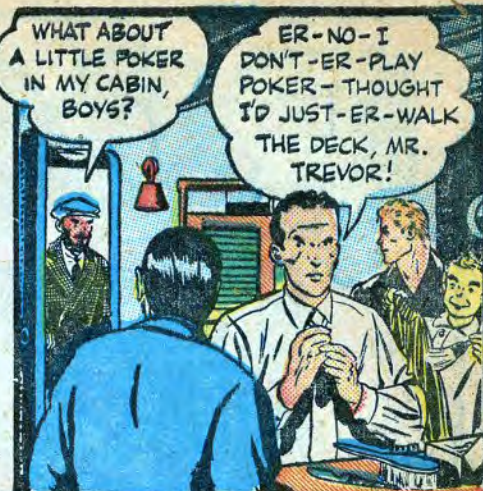










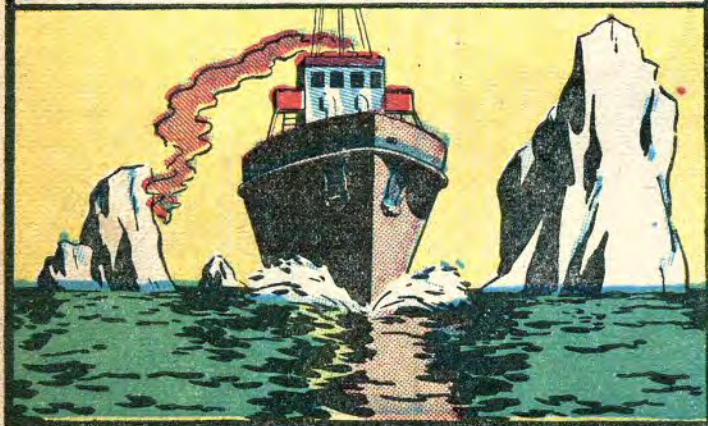




# ROCKY RYAN

SAILING SOUTHWARD WITH DOE AMES AND HER FATHER, ROCKY IS SETTING OUT TO UNRIDDLE THE SECRET OF THE POLAR SNOWS—THOUSAND OF YEARS AGO THE GREAT KECAPS WERE WARM AS THE EQUATOR—THEN THE WORLD SHIFTED ON ITS AXIS—AND HUGE ICEBERGS AND MIGHTY MOUNTAINS OF SNOW APPEARED—BUT—WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE AT THAT TIME?

THE AMES CRUISER PLOWS THROUGH ICY COLD WATERS ---



THAT IS MOUNT EREBUS, UP AHEAD - WE ARE IN THE ROSS SEA!

WE CAME ON A DIRECT LINE FROM THE CAROLINES!



THE LITTLE GROUP PLANS BIG THINGS ---

I'VE SKIS AND SLEDS BELOW, FOR TRAVEL OVER THE SNOWS! WE'LL LAND SOUTH OF MOUNT TERTON, AND TRAVEL SWIFTLY ---

BUT WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND, SIR? THE SOUTH POLE HAS BEEN WELL EXPLORED ---



I HAD THIS PARCHMENT FROM A SAILOR WHO WAS WITH SCOTT IN 1912! HE TOLD ME A STRANGE TALE! LISTEN ---



THE SAILOR'S STORY: "ONE NIGHT HE WAS LOST, ADRIFT IN THE ANTARCTIC SNOWS ---"

I SEE AN OPENING IN THAT WALL OF ICE, AHEAD - IF I CAN MAKE IT - I'LL BE SAFE FROM THE STORM ---



NOW TO SLEEP AND GET BACK MY STRENGTH!



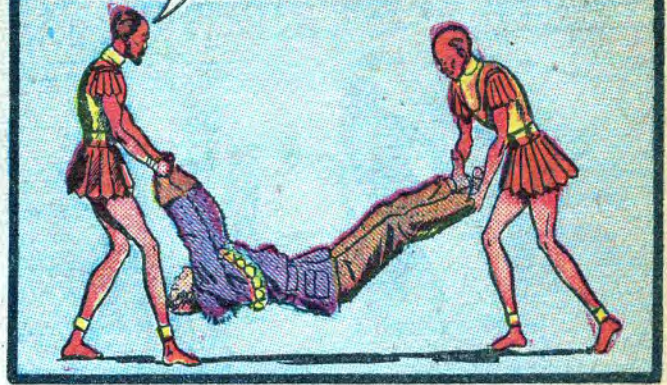


"BUT AS HE SLEPT, STRANGE FORMS APPROACHED FROM INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN"

A MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD!  
TAKE HIM BELOW TO THE RULERS!



OUR MOST ANCIENT LEGENDS TOLD OF  
WHITE PEOPLE! BUT WE THOUGHT  
THEY WERE ALL DEAD!



"WHEN THE SAILOR REVIVED - HE LOOKED  
ON A QUEER, GLASS-ENCLOSED CITY -"

I-I'M DEAD-OR DREAMING! THERE AIN'T  
NO PLACE LIKE THAT -- ANYWHERE!



FRIGHTENED, HE FLED AWAY!  
BUT BEFORE HE WENT -  
HE SAW THAT THE METAL  
CLOTHING, OF THE ODD  
PEOPLE, WAS GOLD!

THEY MUST  
HAVE A LOT  
OF IT, TO WEAR  
IT AS CLOTHES



OUTSIDE THE SHIP'S BRIDGE, A SAILOR  
OVERHEARS THE WORD "GOLD"

GOLD! AN' I THOUGHT OLD AMES WAS  
JUST A SCIENTIST! WAIT'LL BLACK BILL  
HEARS ABOUT THIS!

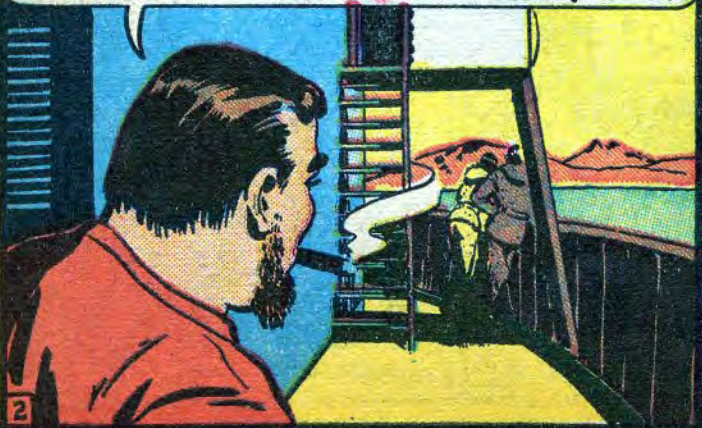


-AN' HE SAID THERE  
WAS PLENTY GOLD  
THERE, TOO!

DON'T SAY A WORD  
-LEAVE IT TO ME!  
WE'LL WAIT'LL WE  
GET THE GOLD ON  
BOARD - THEN  
MUTINY!



YOU'LL DO ALL THE WORK, ROCKY RYAN - AND  
BLACK BILL BONNER'LL TAKE THE GOLD! HA-HA



THERE'S MOUNT  
TERSON! HERE'S WHERE  
OUR WORK BEGINS!

I'M READY! I WAS  
GETTING TOO LAZY,  
LOAFING AROUND  
ON BOARD SHIP!





INTO THE ANTARCTIC WASTES, GO  
THE THREE ADVENTURERS ---

IT'S EASY TO DRAG THIS  
SLED ALONG THE ICE!

I SEE FATHER  
WAVING TO US  
UP AHEAD--



THAT'S THE CLENCHED FIST GROUP OF MOUNTAINS  
THE SAILOR TOLD ABOUT! HIS CAVE IS IN ONE OF  
THOSE!



DAY FOLLOWS DAY OF FUTILE SEARCHING

NO USE! LIKE HUNTING A NEEDLE IN A  
HAYSTACK! GUESS I'LL GO BACK TO CAMP!



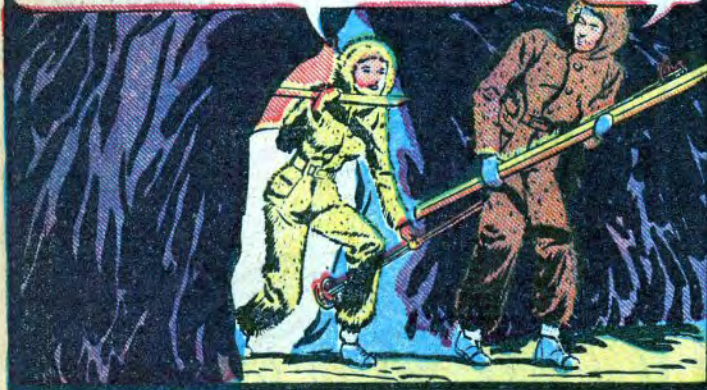
BUT AS HE  
TURNS, HIS  
SKIIS SLIP  
AND HE  
FALLS  
SIDWAYS,  
INTO A  
PILE OF  
SNOW--  
THE SNOW  
CRUMPLES--  
AND HE  
GAZES  
INTO A  
SMALL,  
WARM, CAVE

IT'S IT! WE'VE FOUND  
IT! DOE! MR. AMES!



THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT! AND TO THINK  
YOU MIGHT HAVE PASSED IT BY,  
IF YOU HADN'T SLIPPED!

IT WAS  
A CLOSE  
CALL!

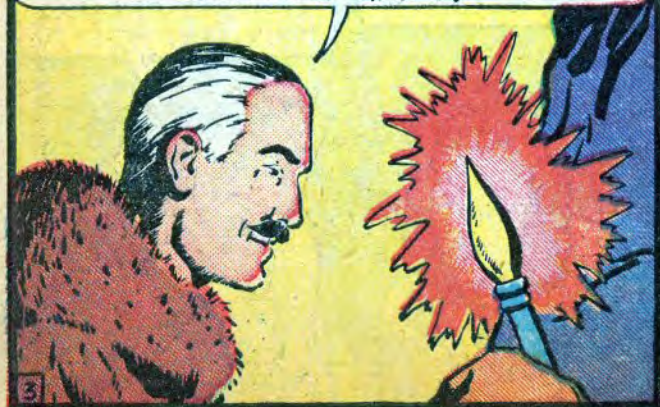


NOTICE HOW  
IT'S GROWING  
WARMER?

THAT RED LIGHT AHEAD--  
LIKE THE ONES THE QUEER  
PEOPLE CARRIED! LOOK!



A GAS TORCH, THAT RADIATES LIGHT AND  
HEAT! IT MUST BE SOME NEW SECRET  
OF BURNING GASES!



THE ADVENTURERS ARE SUDDENLY  
CONFRONTED BY A GUARD ---

HALT!

HE SPEAKS  
ENGLISH!





CERTAINLY I SPEAK ENGLISH! I KNOW EVERY LANGUAGE ON THE GLOBE—THROUGH RADIO! YOU PEOPLE ARE AMERICANS—SO FOLLOW ME!

CAN YOU BEAT THAT!

THAT IS POLA, THE CITY OF THE ANCIENT ONES! OUR CULTURE IS HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD! WE THOUGHT ALL OTHER LIFE WAS DESTROYED—BUT WHEN WE DISCOVERED THE RADIO, HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO—AND COULD HEAR VOICES—WE KNEW DIFFERENTLY!

RADIO, HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO? HOW COULD YOU HEAR ANYTHING WITHOUT A BROADCASTING STATION?

WE USED A VERY SHORT WAVE LENGTH—THE SOUND WAVES, IN FACT, THAT NEVER DIE! OUR POWER GENERATORS BUILT UP THEIR STRENGTH

STEP INTO OUR BIMOBILE! I WILL EXPLAIN AFTER YOU HAVE SEEN THE RULERS!

THE RULERS! THAT IS WHAT SCARED THE SAILOR!

### THE RULERS OF ANCIENT POLA

HOW OLD—YET HOW WISE!

WHY NOT, MY CHILDREN? I AM TEN THOUSAND YEARS OLD! WE DISCOVERED HOW TO PROLONG LIFE, EVEN BEFORE THE EARTH-SWING, THAT MADE OUR GAY COUNTRY, A THING OF ICE AN' SNOW

WE WERE HAPPY HERE WHEN THE EARTH ATMOSPHERE BEGAN TO CHANGE! OUR SCIENTISTS BUILT A GLASS-DOMED CITY! WE SELECTED THE BEST SPECIMENS OF OUR RACE AND RETIRED HERE! THAT WAS MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO!

I WILL SHOW YOU ABOUT POLA! THE RULERS HAVE GIVEN ME PERMISSION!

I DIDN'T HEAR THEM—BUT MAYBE THEY GAVE YOU A SIGNAL, EH?

THEY USED THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE! BUT ENOUGH OF THAT—THIS IS A MACHINE THAT GENERATES ARTIFICIAL SUNSHINE! WE KEEP OURSELVES WARM AND GET ENOUGH SOLAR ENERGY FROM IT TO RUN OUR INDUSTRIES!



MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE CRUISER ---

THEY'RE GOING AFTER GOLD!  
GOLD, I TELL YA! WHY LET 'EM  
HIDE IT AND FOOL US? LET'S GO  
AFTER THEM OURSELVES!

BUT HOW DO  
WE KNOW  
WHERE THEY  
WENT?



I COPIED THIS FROM OLD MAN AMES,  
WHILE HE SLEPT! I KNOW HOW TO  
GET TO THIS BURIED CITY! LET'S GO!



THE RUFFIANS SET OUT ACROSS THE SNOWS,  
ARMED TO THE TEETH--

WE'LL GET ENOUGH GOLD TO MAKE US WEALTHY  
FOR LIFE! AND WE'LL SLIT THE AMES'  
THROAT--AND RYAN'S TOO!



BACK IN POLA---

WHY--  
IT'S GOLD!

FUNNY--BACK WHERE WE CAME  
FROM, MEN WOULD CUT EACH OTHER'S  
THROATS, FOR ALL THAT METAL!

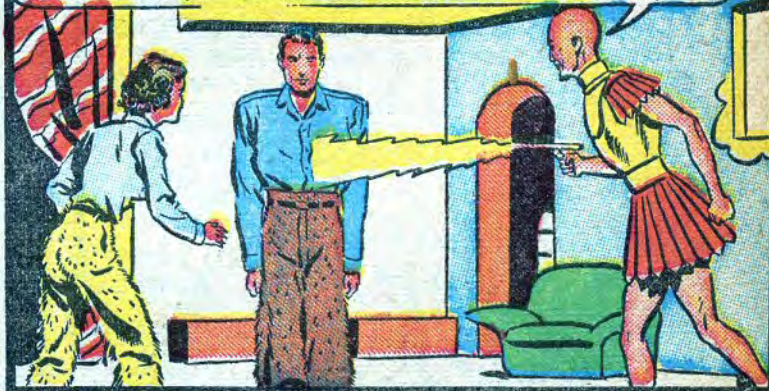


THEN TAKE IT AS A  
GIFT! WE HAVE MORE  
HERE THAN WE KNOW  
WHAT TO DO WITH!

BUT SUPPOSE EVIL  
MEN COME--AND  
TRY TO TAKE IT  
AWAY FROM YOU?



THIS--I DEMONSTRATE!--WILL STOP THE MOST  
FEROCIOUS OF THEM! IT IS A PARALYSIS RAY--  
THAT KILLS, IF GIVEN MORE POWER!



IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, DOE! BUT  
I SURE WAS PARALYSED!

OH--I WAS  
SO WORRIED!



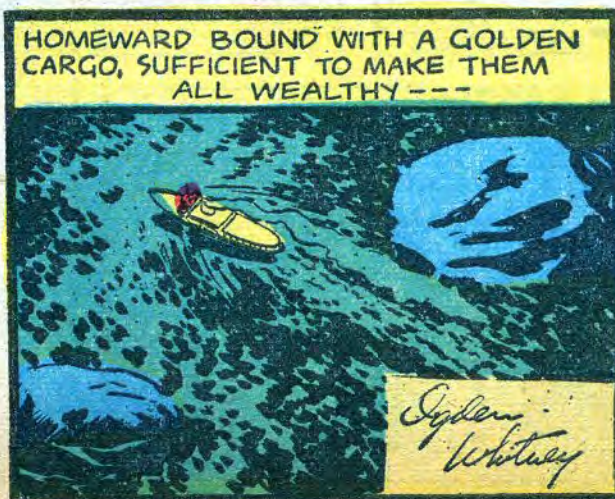
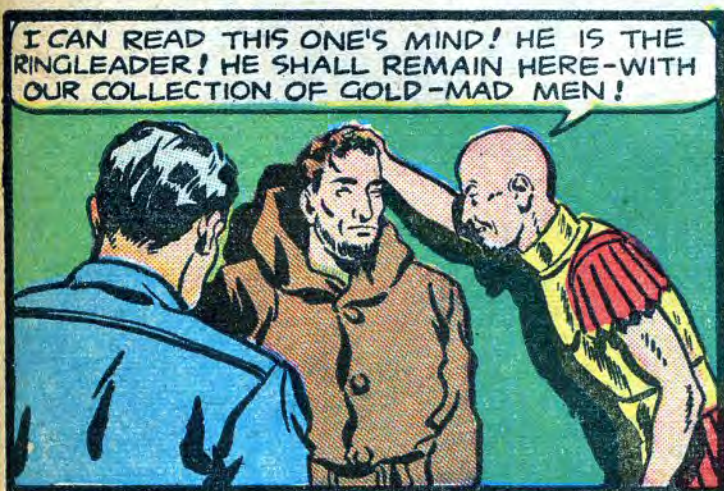
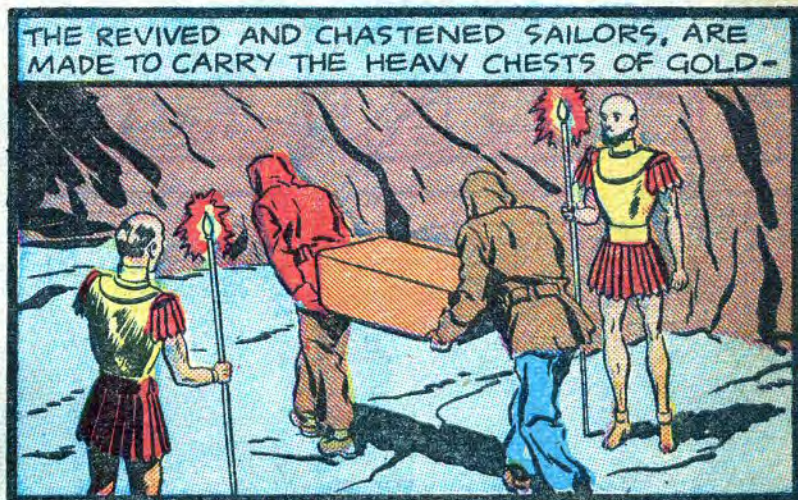
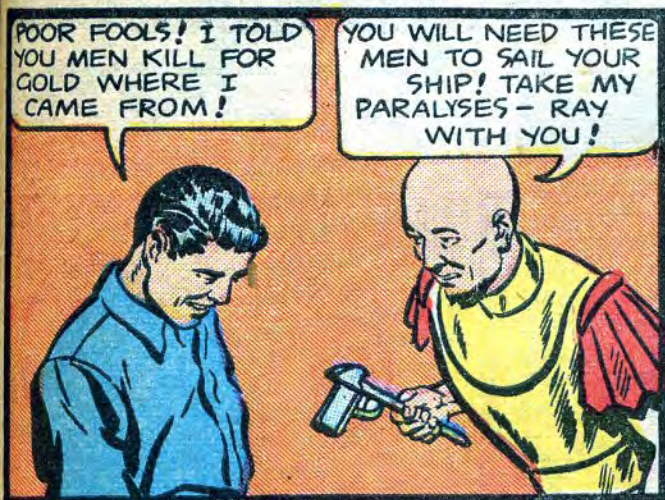
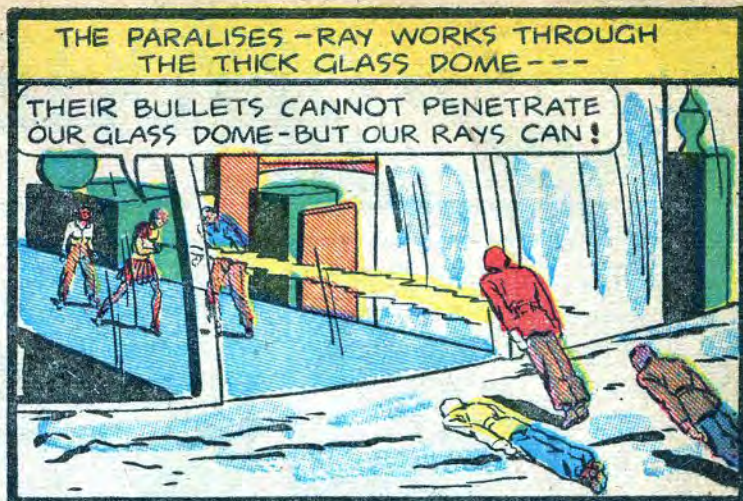
YOUR FATHER WILL  
HAVE BEEN TALKING  
TO OUR SCIENTISTS!  
WE HAD BETTER  
MEET HIM--LISTEN!

ROCKY--  
IT  
SOUNDS  
LIKE--

GUNSHOTS! IT  
IS! SOMEBODY'S  
ATTACKING  
POLA!





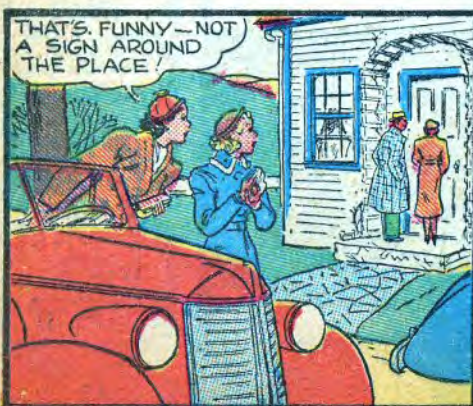
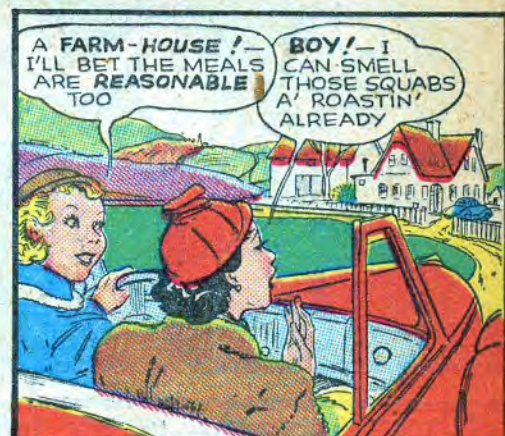
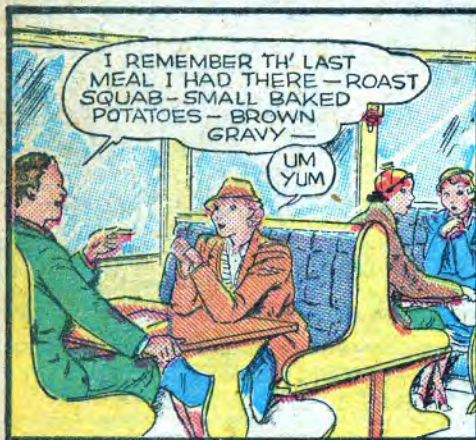






# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL

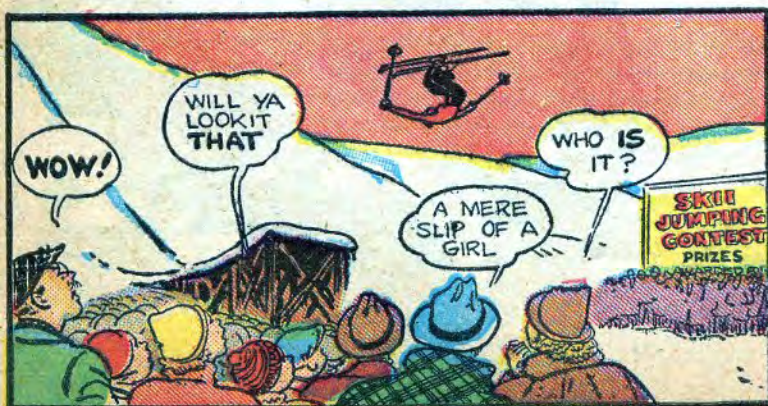




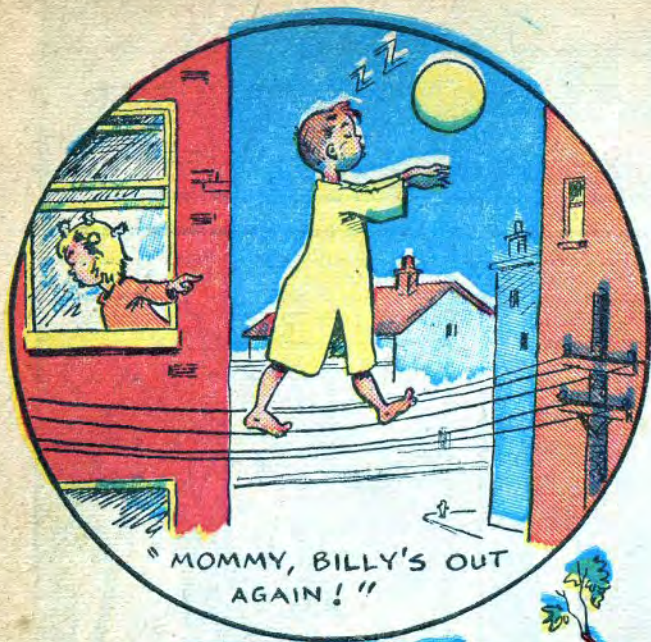


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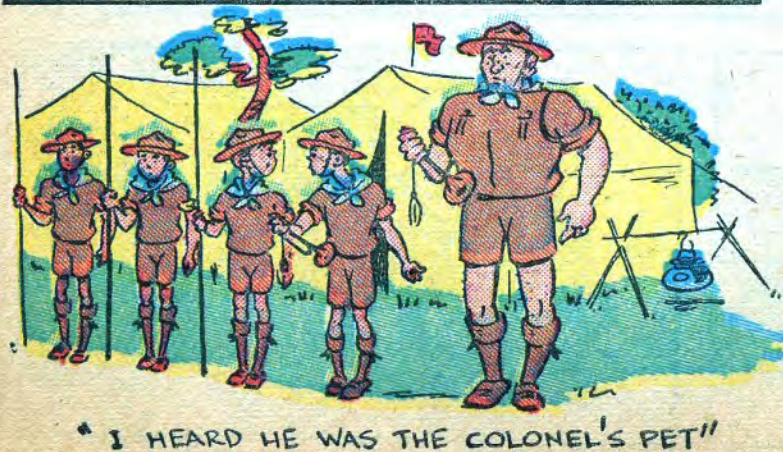
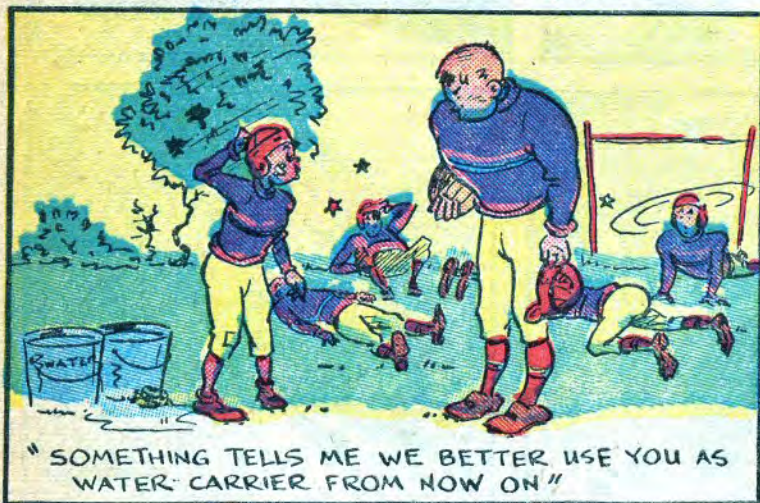
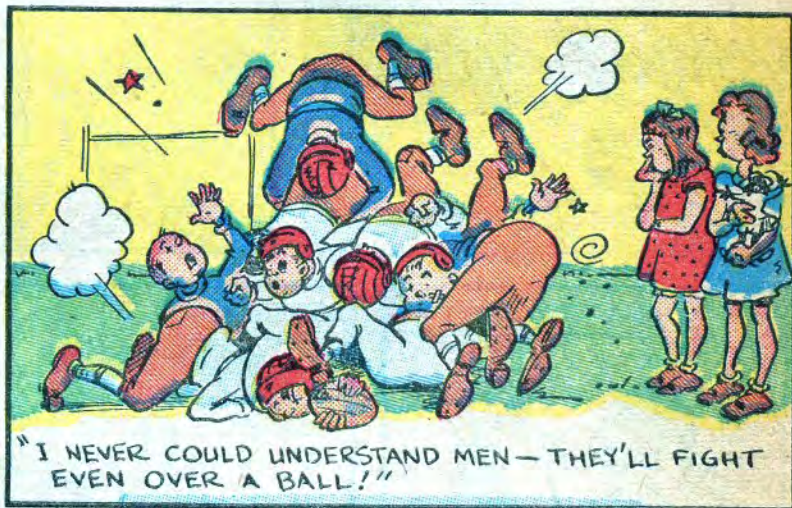
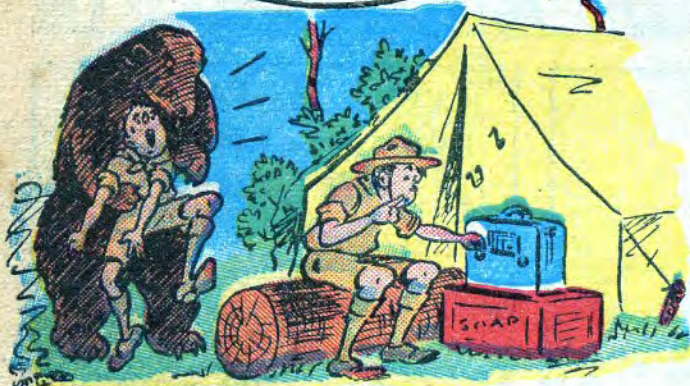






# KID STUFF

by ALBERT CHARTIER





# FILM FLASHES

WHEN **DICK POWELL** CAME TO HOLLYWOOD THE FIRST MOVIE STAR HE MET WAS **JOAN BLONDELL**. HE COULD HARDLY SPEAK TO HER BECAUSE HE WAS SO NERVOUS AND EXCITED - NOW THEY ARE MARRIED!



**BRUCE CABOT** ONCE WAS FIRED FROM A JOB BECAUSE HE KNOCKED OUT HIS BOSS. HE WAS HIRED AS A SPARRING PARTNER!

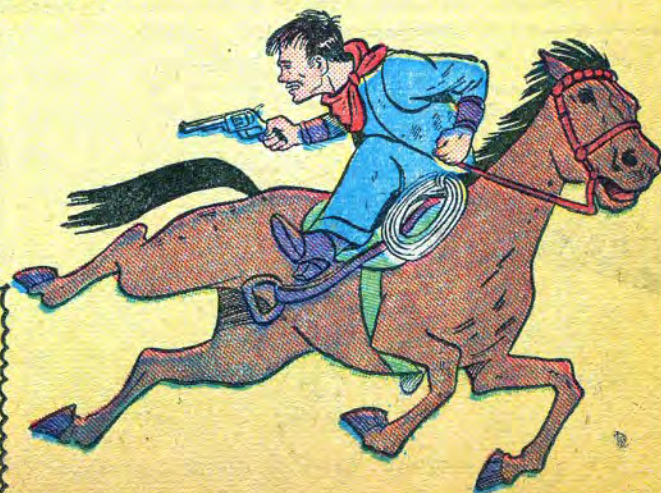
**FLAKED CARROTS** ARE NOW USED IN THE MOVIES TO MAKE SNOW! FOR MANY YEARS CHOPPED UP CHICKEN FEATHERS, POWDERED GYPSUM, AND CORNFLAKES WERE USED!



**MICKY ROONEY** IS THE NO. 1 BOX OFFICE ATTRACTION IN THE MOVIES. BESIDES BEING AN ACTOR HE CAN WRITE SONGS, PLAY THE VIOLIN, CLARINET, DRUMS, SAXOPHONE, GUITAR AND THE PIANO - AND IS AN EXPERT IN TENNIS, BOWLING AND BILLIARDS!



**WESTERN** COWBOY PICTURES ARE STILL TOPS. ITS THE FAST ACTION "HORSE OPERAS" THAT PAY THE BILLS FOR MANY OF THE UNPROFITABLE EPICS!





# MARVELO

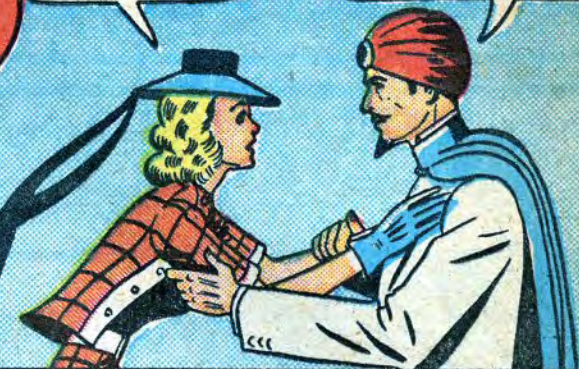
## MONARCH OF MAGICIANS

BY FRED GUARDINEER

ONE AFTERNOON A VISITOR CALLS ON MARVELO---

MARVELO? I MUST HAVE YOUR HELP AT ONCE!

CALM YOURSELF - AND TELL ME ABOUT YOUR TROUBLES.



MY HOME - HAS SUDDENLY BECOME HAUNTED! I HEAR CHAINS RATTLE - WEIRD MOANS - FOOTSTEPS -

THE SUPERNATURAL! I'VE ALWAYS LIKED THAT TYPE OF CASE!



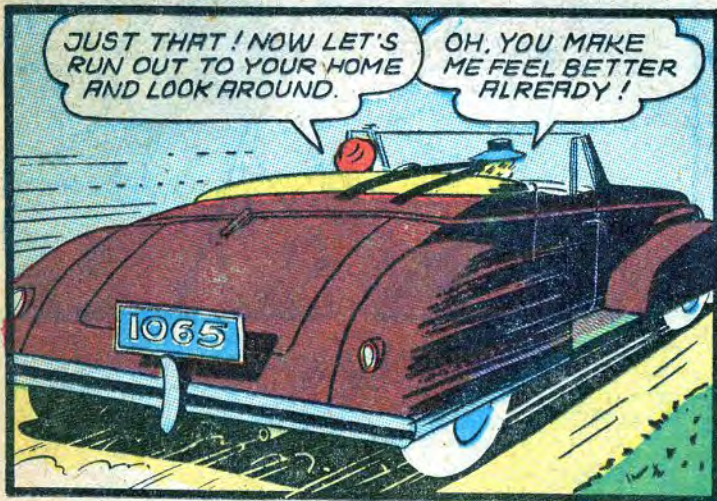
YOU SEE - I'VE FOUND THERE IS ALWAYS A NATURAL EXPLANATION FOR THESE PSYCHIC PHENOMENA!

YOU MEAN SOMEONE IS TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME?



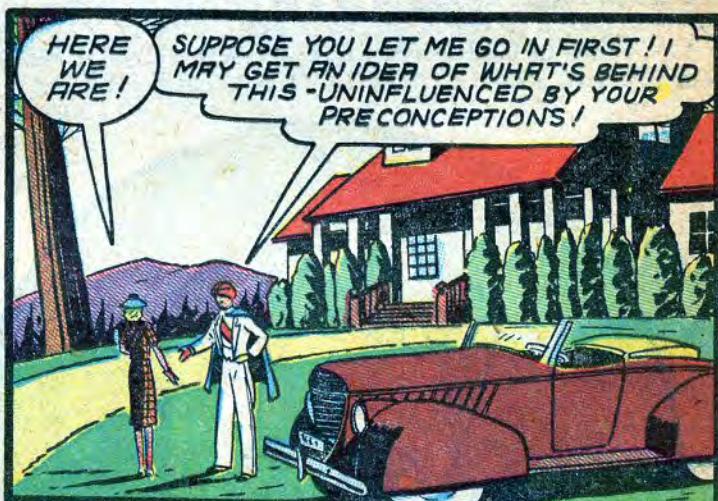
JUST THAT! NOW LET'S RUN OUT TO YOUR HOME AND LOOK AROUND.

OH, YOU MAKE ME FEEL BETTER ALREADY!



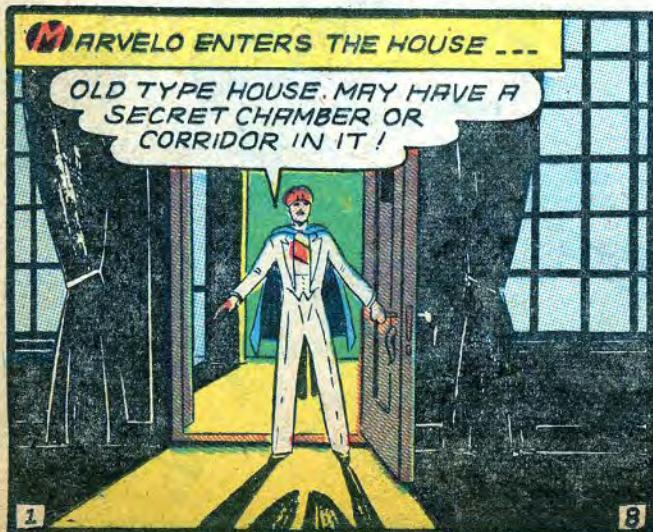
HERE WE ARE!

SUPPOSE YOU LET ME GO IN FIRST! I MAY GET AN IDEA OF WHAT'S BEHIND THIS - UNINFLUENCED BY YOUR PRE CONCEPTIONS!



MARVELO ENTERS THE HOUSE ---

OLD TYPE HOUSE. MAY HAVE A SECRET CHAMBER OR CORRIDOR IN IT!



AS HE STEPS INTO AN UPSTAIRS ROOM -

IRON BARS! TRAPPED!





**THE IRON BECOMES PEPPERMINT CANDY!**

I THINK I'VE A TREAT IN  
STORE FOR SOMEONE!  
**KALORA!**



**MARVELO SEEKS THOSE WHO LIKE CANDY-CHILDREN!**

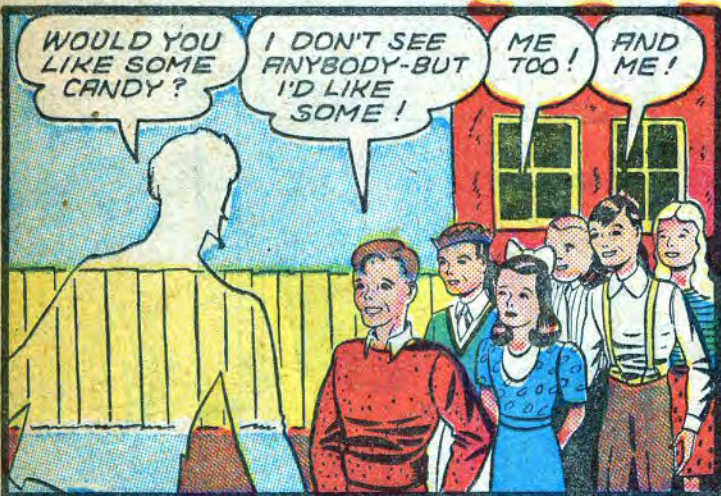
IN SPIRIT FORM NO BARS CAN HOLD ME!  
I CAN - AH, THERE'S THE STATE  
ORPHAN ASYLUM!



WOULD YOU  
LIKE SOME  
CANDY?

I DON'T SEE  
ANYBODY-BUT  
I'D LIKE  
SOME!

ME  
TOO!  
AND ME!



THEN COME ALONG - I'M  
SURE WE'LL FIND SOME!



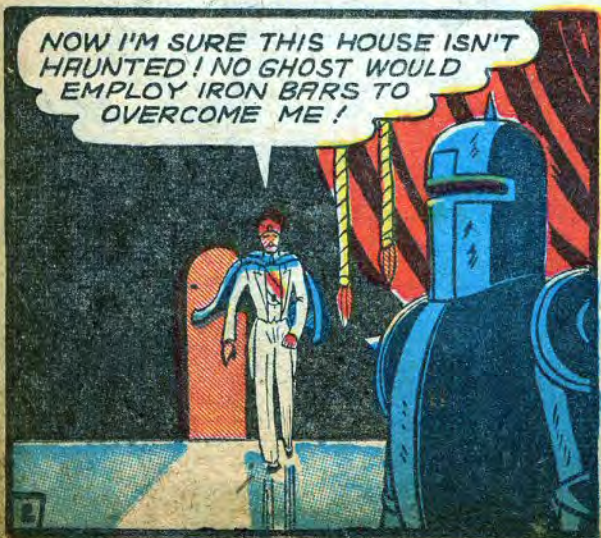
THANK YOU, CHILDREN! BELIEVING  
THOSE BARS TO BE CANDY, YOU HAD  
ENOUGH STRENGTH TO  
BREAK THEM!



BACK TO YOUR HOME - WITH  
YOUR CANDY - YOU GO!  
**KALORA!**



NOW I'M SURE THIS HOUSE ISN'T  
HAUNTED! NO GHOST WOULD  
EMPLOY IRON BARS TO  
OVERCOME ME!

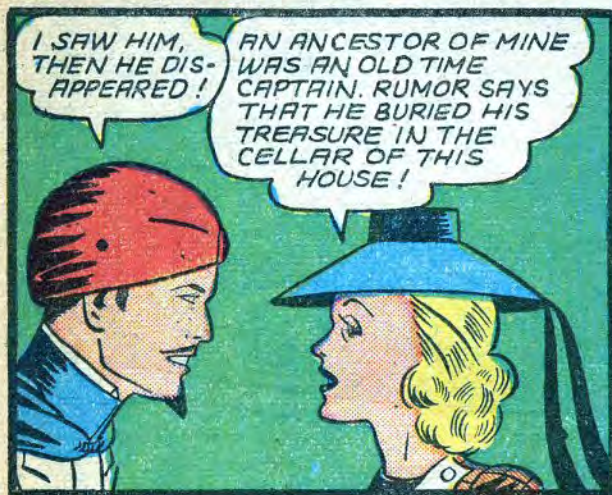


**A** HEAD OF HIM MARVELO SEES A SPIRIT!

THE GHOST HIMSELF! PERHAPS -  
**KALORA!**











SINCE I HAVE A TONGUE, I'LL SPEAK FOR MARVELO! I'M HERE - TUCKED AWAY IN THIS HOLLOW BEAM!

THIS WILL REMAIN OUR SECRET UNTIL WE SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THAT SEA GHOST!

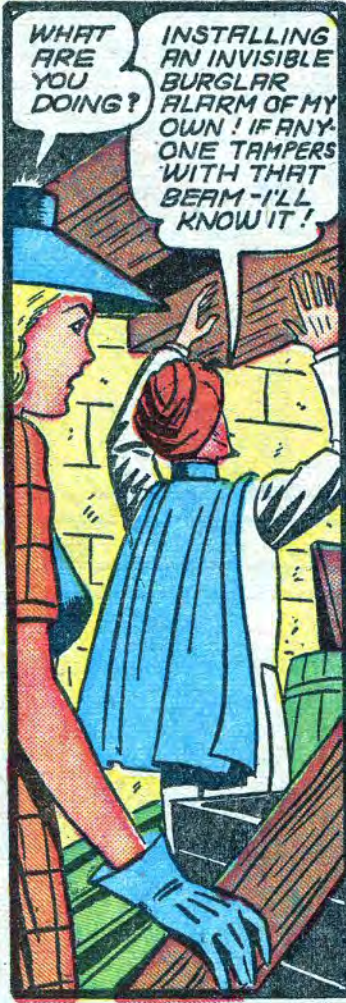


BUT THE MAGICIAN IS UNAWARE THAT OTHER EARS HAVE HEARD ---

SO - THOSE BEAMS ARE HOLLOW! THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO DISCOVER!



I'LL SET MY GHOST TO WORK, THEN GET THAT MAGICIAN AND KATE! THE TREASURE WILL BE MINE!



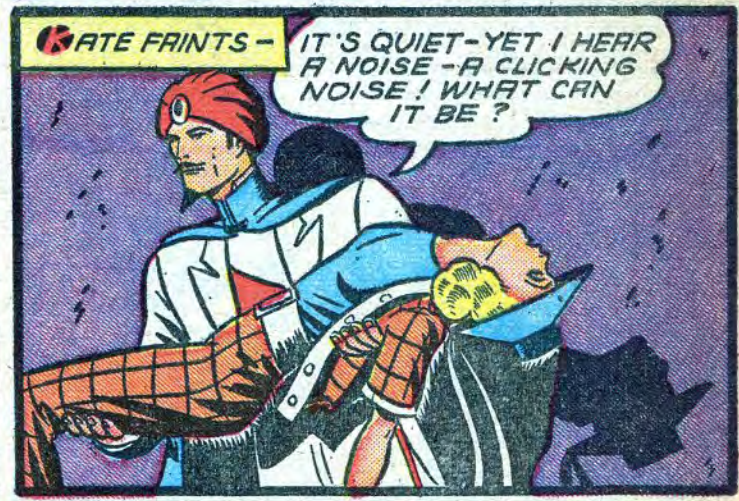
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

INSTALLING AN INVISIBLE BURGLAR ALARM OF MY OWN! IF ANYONE TAMPERERS WITH THAT BEAM - I'LL KNOW IT!



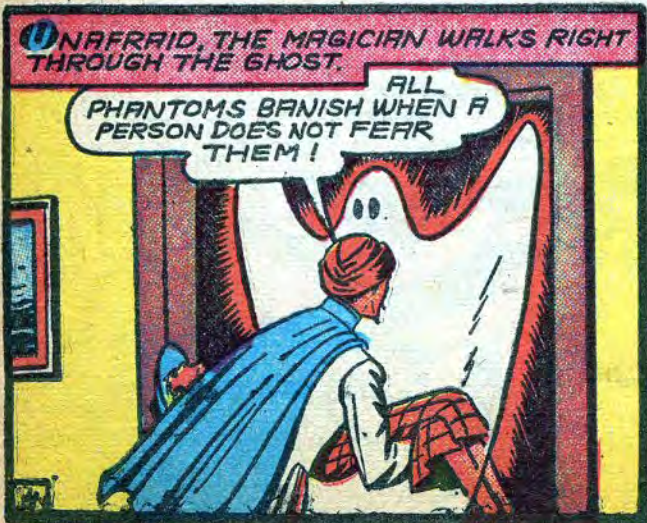
EEE! LOOK! GREAT-GREAT-GRANDUNCLE EZRA! HIS GHOST!

THAT'S NO GHOST...



KATE FAINTS -

IT'S QUIET - YET I HEAR A NOISE - A CLICKING NOISE! WHAT CAN IT BE?



UNAFRAID, THE MAGICIAN WALKS RIGHT THROUGH THE GHOST.

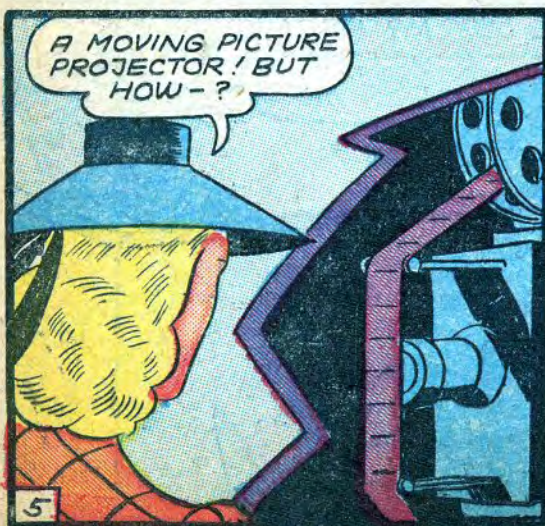
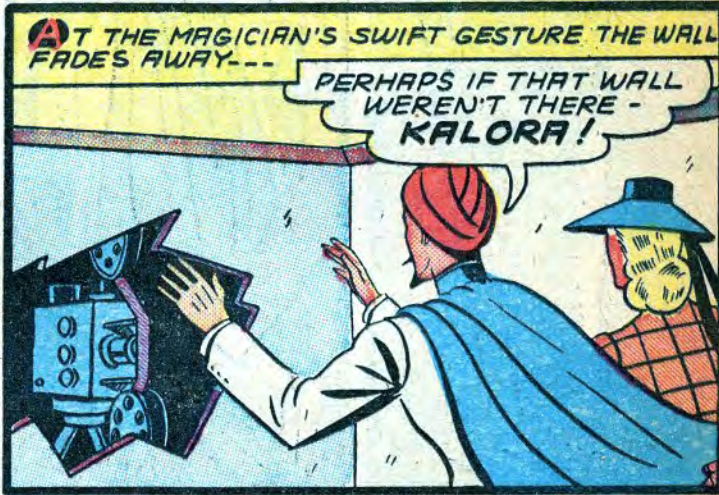
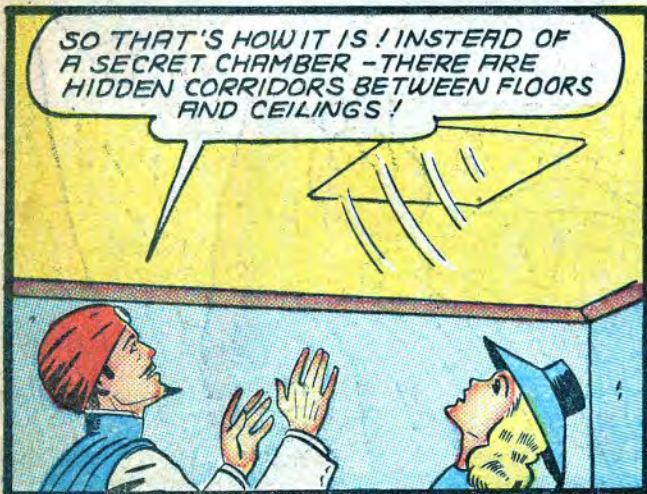
ALL PHANTOMS BANISH WHEN A PERSON DOES NOT FEAR THEM!



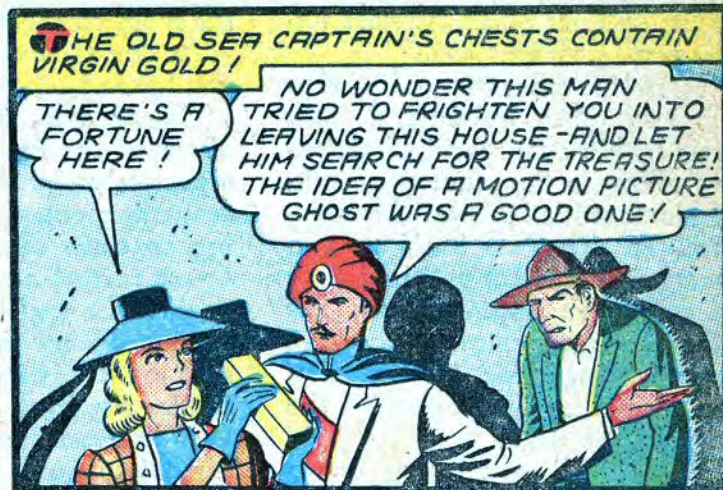
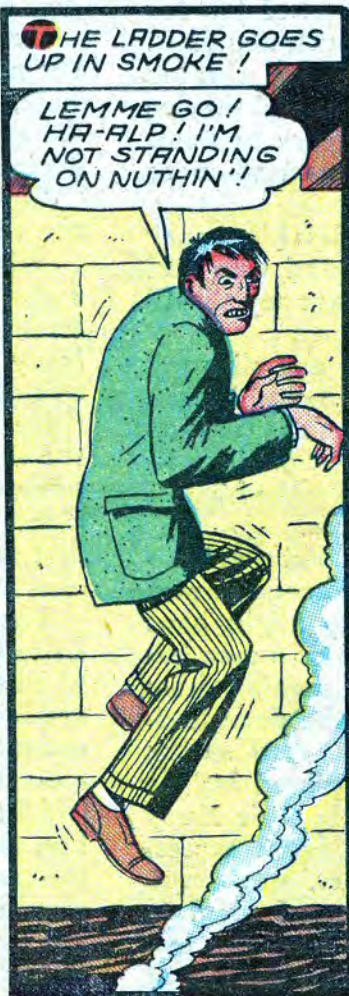
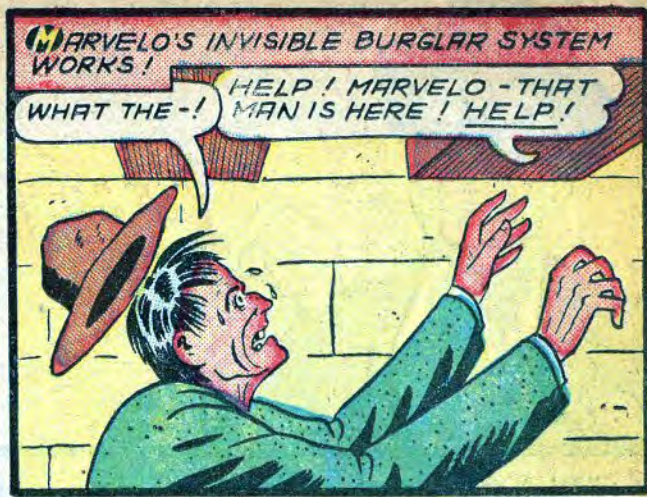
DEATH HOVERS OVER MARVELO!

NOW DIE, MAGICIAN! YOUR MAGIC CANNOT SAVE YOU NOW!













# The Face's Hi-Jacking Episode

by  
Michael Blake

**T**HE deep-throated bell in the nearby insurance building broke the stillness of the night and informed all who were interested that the hour of midnight had been reached, paused and sent on its way to join the countless other hours that had receded into the misty void of the past. A startling contrast to its appearance in daytime, the business section of the great city was now shrouded in somber blackness. Tiny, pin-pricks of streetlamps barely lighted the canon-like avenues that twisted, turned and crossed in a fashion comparable to the outlines of an intricate jigsaw puzzle.

High in the tower of a skyscraping office building a light from within cut a panel of gleaming yellow in the otherwise black, window-studded face of the structure. In the room itself sat two men, one behind a polished desk of expensive appointments; the other lounged comfortably in a large leather chair, his feet resting with utter composure on the edge of the desk.

"Well, Bill, everything seems to be rolling along on schedule," said the man in the leather chair. "Dutch and Zack left at ten o'clock with the truck and they just 'phoned me fifteen minutes ago they were at Plainsville."

The man called Bill tilted his chair back of the desk and smiled with great satisfaction. "That's fine . . . very fine! They know, of course, that they're to let the Circle Silk Company's truck pass through the town before they jump it?"

"They have their instructions and they know exactly what to do," replied the other, casually

lighting a thick cigar. "They've pulled this same type of job for me many times. Dutch and Zack have been in this racket with me for the past six years and they've had enough experience to know when to hold off and when to open up!"

"Nevertheless, this is big money they're playing around with and we can't afford to have any slips!" Bill cautioned.

"Don't worry, if any slips are made the other fellows will make 'em!" the second man said assuringly, shifting his shoulder-holster and revolver to make himself the more comfortable.

At that moment, had these two gentlemen been the proud owners of X-ray eyes, they might have observed the figure of a man immaculately clad in evening dress crouching outside the door leading to their office. And as the figure turned and placed his ear against the key hole their X-ray visions, seeing the facial expression on the listener, would undoubtedly have caused them to gasp in horror and fear. But fortunately, or otherwise, the gift of a penetrating sight was not given them nor could they see the green, death-like color of the eaves-dropper's face nor his bared fangs and hollow, staring eyes. In fact, they were totally unaware that the *Face*, strange and mysterious avenger of crime and injustice, had observed and listened to their entire conversation.

"This has been most interesting and enlightening," murmured the *Face* as he pondered over the remarks of the two men in the office. "Hi-jacking silk trucks is a very precarious but neverthe-

less lucrative business . . . if one gets away with it!"

Once again the voice of one of the men drifted through the key hole. "What time is the Circle Company's truck due to pass Plainsville?"

"In about another hour," came the reply of the other man.

With a grunt of satisfaction and a terse "That's all I want to know!" the *Face* arose and noiselessly made his way to the fire exit of the building. In less than three minutes he was outside on the sidewalk, hustling over to his powerful roadster parked by the curb. He slipped the gear into first and the glistening, black car shot away with a surge of power.

The minute hand had traveled halfway around his wrist watch when the *Face* rolled by a weather-beaten sign that marked the outskirts of Plainsville. Apparently the greater portion of the small town was lost in deep slumber, for the only sign of life on the main street emanated from a restaurant about three blocks away. A few autos were parked in front of the yellow-lighted eating emporium and on the opposite side of the street stood a huge truck.

"Evidently it belongs to Dutch and Zack," the *Face* thought as his eyes swiftly absorbed the layout before him. "And while they're inside shoveling food into their stomachs, I'll just park my little four-wheeled friend and make myself comfortable in their vehicle."

He pulled his car into a dark, narrow street, shut off the motor and glided into the driver's compartment of the empty truck. Back of the seat two small doors



opened into the black interior of the truck itself and in two seconds the *Face* scaled the leather seat, melting into the gloom. A period of about ten minutes elapsed before two burly men, obviously the oft-mentioned Dutch and Zack sauntered across the street and stepped up into the driver's section.

"The Circle's truck should be rollin' along in a few minutes, Zack," said Dutch, as he started the truck's engine and drove it ponderously towards the east end of the town. They rolled along for approximately a quarter of a mile, halted and then backed into a dirt road almost completely hidden by shrubbery and overhanging leaves. Dutch shut the motor off and lit a cigarette; and only when he turned to speak to Zack did he notice the terrified expression on his companion's countenance. Instinctively, he swung around and found himself within a few inches of what looked like a nightmare.

"Fer cryin' out loud . . ." he whispered hoarsely, but a gleaming automatic in the *Face*'s hand commanded silence.

"The truck you intend to hi-jack will be along in a few minutes," said the *Face* grimly, "and I want you boys to carry out your orders just as you were instructed. However, there will be no bloodshed . . . unless you fail to keep in mind that I'll be watching you most carefully. Understand?"

Dutch and Zack gulped and nodded their blanched faces; and

at that moment the sound of an approaching truck seemed to strengthen their reflexes. Dutch stepped on the self-starter and putting the engine in gear, drove straight out into the middle of the roadway and completely blocked it. From out of the night the twin headlights of the approaching Circle Silk Company's truck twinkled and grew brighter. Within a half minute screeching brakes brought it to a halt. Two men leaped from the driver's section and advancing toward the blocking vehicle, angrily demanded the reason for the obstruction. With a lack of enthusiasm not ordinarily associated with hi-jackers and those who procure a livelihood by means of force, Dutch and Zack waved their automatics beneath the noses of the astonished drivers.

A mocking smile played around the corners of the *Face*'s mouth as he realized the feeling of uneasiness Dutch and Zack must have experienced, knowing that their gleaming weapons had been previously emptied of their bullets. But they acted their parts fairly convincingly and in an amazingly short period of time, both the drivers of the halted truck had been trussed securely and the valuable bolts of silk had been transferred to the hi-jackers' truck.

"A very neat little job," the *Face* remarked as Dutch and Zack climbed back into the driver's compartment. "And now I want you to drive to that restaurant you left not so long ago and 'phone your boss in the city that something's gone wrong and that you want him to meet you here in Plainsville as soon as possible!"

Dutch did as he was commanded and relayed the message, under the menacing surveillance of the *Face*'s automatic, to the men in the skyscraper office building. In less than an hour's time, the limousine bearing Dutch and Zack's bosses roared into sight and pulled up beside the parked truck. The expressions of surprise melting into anger that registered on the newcomers' countenances as they were greeted by the *Face* would

have done justice to the cleverest of Hollywood's character actors. But the *Face* at that particular moment wasn't interested in any display of histrionics and herded all the four men into the rear of the truck. He then locked the doors, settled behind the wheel and drove the truck straight to the nearest Police Precinct in the city.



On his noonday program, the following day, Tony Trent, popular news commentator on radio station WBSC, broadcast this startling item: "The Sergeant in the 14th Police Precinct received a surprise 'phone call last night from that mysterious character who calls himself the *Face*. . . . I say a 'surprise' call, because the Sergeant was informed that if he went to the front of the building he would discover a large truck parked by the curb. And in the truck he would find four men who, in the somewhat hazardous business of hi-jacking during the past five or six years, had become quite affluent in that illegal profession. Also in the truck, the Sergeant was advised, he would find the evidence of the gang's latest endeavor, consisting of numerous bolts of silk which they had just hi-jacked from one of the Circle Silk Company's trucks. Needless to say, the Sergeant lost no time in ascertaining the truth of the 'phone call. And once again, the forces of Law are indebted to the fantastic *Face* for his assistance in curbing crime and bringing the lawless to Justice!"

—The End—





# The FACE

by MICHAEL BLAKE



**W**HEN HE PLACES THE RUBBEROID MASK OF *THE FACE* OVER HIS FEATURES, YOUNG TONY TRENT, YOUNG RADIO COMMENTATOR OF STATION WBSC, BECOMES THE NEMESIS OF EVIL! GRIM AND TERRIBLE OF ASPECT, HE RANGES THE CITY — OVERCOMING CRIME AND CRIMINALS!

**O**N HIS WAY TO RADIO STATION WBSC, TONY MEETS WITH MOTOR TROUBLE...

FUNNY — I HAD THE CAR OVERHAULED ONLY YESTERDAY!



I'VE GOT TO TAKE A TAXI — I'LL BE LATE FOR MY BROADCAST UNLESS I DO!



**B**UT INSIDE THE TAXI — TONY HEARS HIMSELF BROADCASTING!

WELL, I'LL BE —!

THIS IS TONY TRENT, EVERYBODY — COMING TO YOU FROM STATION WBSC EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY —



SOMEBODY'S IMPERSONATING ME — I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO IT IS!



**T**ONY REVIVES HIS SECRETARY, BABS WALSH...

TONY! SOME GANGSTERS CAME IN — BOUND ME — AND BROADCAST TO THE *FACE* — THAT THEY WERE GOING TO ROB A BANK! THEY DARED HIM TO STOP THEM!

WHA-AT!











AS HE SEES THE FACE STANDING IN THE DOORWAY!

THE FACE! WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT YOU! SIT DOWN —

I KNOW! I HEARD THAT BROADCAST OVER THE RADIO!



WE JUST WANTED TO HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH YOU! LOOK — WE'RE PUTTIN' OUR GUNS ON THE TABLE!



SIT DOWN — SIT DOWN! MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE!

WELL — WHAT DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT?

NOTHING IN PARTICULAR — JUST A LITTLE CHAT, FACE!



THE SUDDEN FRIENDLINESS OF THESE GANGSTERS MAKES THE FACE SUSPICIOUS!

WHY DO THEY WANT ME HERE — UNLESS — I SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE ELSE!



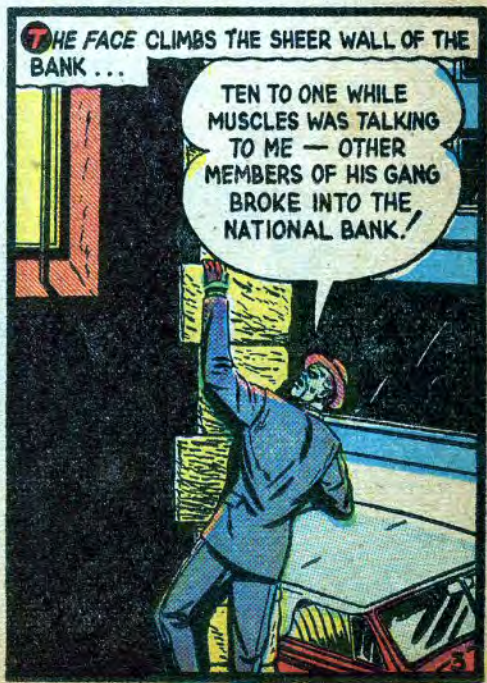
IT WAS CLEVER, MUSCLES — BUT I'M THINKING ONE STEP AHEAD OF YOU!



HE WANTED TO KEEP ME THERE — THEN HAVE HIS GANG RAID THE BANK WHILE I WAS WITH HIM! THEY'D BLAME THE RAID ON ME — ON THE FACE!



I'VE GOT TO NIP THAT BANK ROBBERY IN THE BUD!



THE FACE CLIMBS THE SHEER WALL OF THE BANK ...

TEN TO ONE WHILE MUSCLES WAS TALKING TO ME — OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS GANG BROKE INTO THE NATIONAL BANK!



THOUGHT SO!  
THERE THEY ARE!  
OPENING THE VAULT!

THE INTERIOR OF THE BANK...

THOSE COPS  
WERE  
EASY!

YEAH, ALL WE HAD  
TO DO WAS GIVE  
'EM A LITTLE  
SLEEPING GAS!

AND MUSCLES GOT  
THE FACE  
OUTTA THE WAY—

IMAGINE—THE FACE  
HANGIN' AROUND  
MUSCLES AN' THE  
REST OF THE GANG  
— WHILE WE  
ROB THE BANK!

AS THEY LEAVE — THEY DROP A REPLICA OF THE FACE'S  
RUBBEROID MASK!

THIS AIN'T THE REAL  
THING — BUT IT'LL  
FOOL THE COPPERS!

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!  
HAPPY HUNTING, I PRESUME?

THE  
FACE!

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!  
AND I DON'T LIKE  
CROOKS WHO PLAY WITH  
MY REPUTATION!

AND YOU BOYS — BY TRYING  
TO HAVE ME BLAMED FOR  
THE ROBBERY — SURE  
TOOK LIBERTIES!

THIS IS A POOR DUPLICATE  
OF MY FACE — BUT IT  
MIGHT HAVE FOOLED THE  
COPS. NOW FOR MUSCLES!









ONE MAN —  
BUT WHATTA  
MAN!



YOU RATS! GET UP  
ON YOUR FEET! YOU'RE  
GOING TO JAIL!



THE FACE — AN' BRINGIN'  
IN MUSCLES MACQUIRE  
AND HIS GANG, HE IS, TOO!

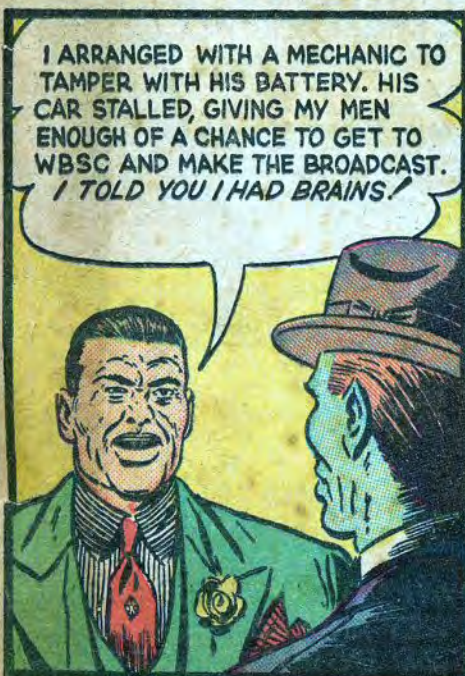


— AND YOU'LL FIND THE  
REST OF HIS CREW IN THE  
NATIONAL BANK WHERE I  
LOCKED THEM UP, AFTER  
PREVENTING A ROBBERY  
OF A HUNDRED GRAND!



ONE THING YOU CAN CLEAR  
UP, MUSCLES! DID YOU HAVE  
ANYTHING TO DO WITH  
TONY TRENT'S CAR BREAKING  
DOWN SO HE WAS DELAYED  
FOR HIS BROADCAST?

I SURE  
DID!



I ARRANGED WITH A MECHANIC TO  
TAMPER WITH HIS BATTERY. HIS  
CAR STALLED, GIVING MY MEN  
ENOUGH OF A CHANCE TO GET TO  
WBSC AND MAKE THE BROADCAST.  
I TOLD YOU I HAD BRAINS!



LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER  
— AT STATION WBSC...

HELLO, FOLKS! THAT BROADCAST  
YOU HEARD EARLIER TO-NIGHT  
WAS A FAKE — IT WASN'T I AT  
ALL! BUT THIS IS TONY TRENT  
— THE REAL ONE — WITH A  
MESSAGE FROM THE FACE!



THE FACE KEPT THAT  
INVITATION AT THE BANK  
— AND JUST TURNED  
MUSCLES MACQUIRE AND  
HIS WHOLE GANG OVER  
TO THE POLICE!...  
FLASH — MUSCLES IS  
SORRY HE THOUGHT UP  
THE WHOLE THING!

THAT FACE  
— HE'S A  
GREAT GUY,  
ALL RIGHT!

The End



# ODDITIES FROM HERE'N THERE

## SMOKING

STARTED AS A RELIGIOUS RITE AND GRADUALLY BECAME A SOCIAL HABIT AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS. SINCE ITS DISCOVERY BY COLUMBUS AND HIS SUCCESSORS TOBACCO IS CULTIVATED IN NEARLY EVERY COUNTRY AND IS USED BY EVERY RACE OF MAN /



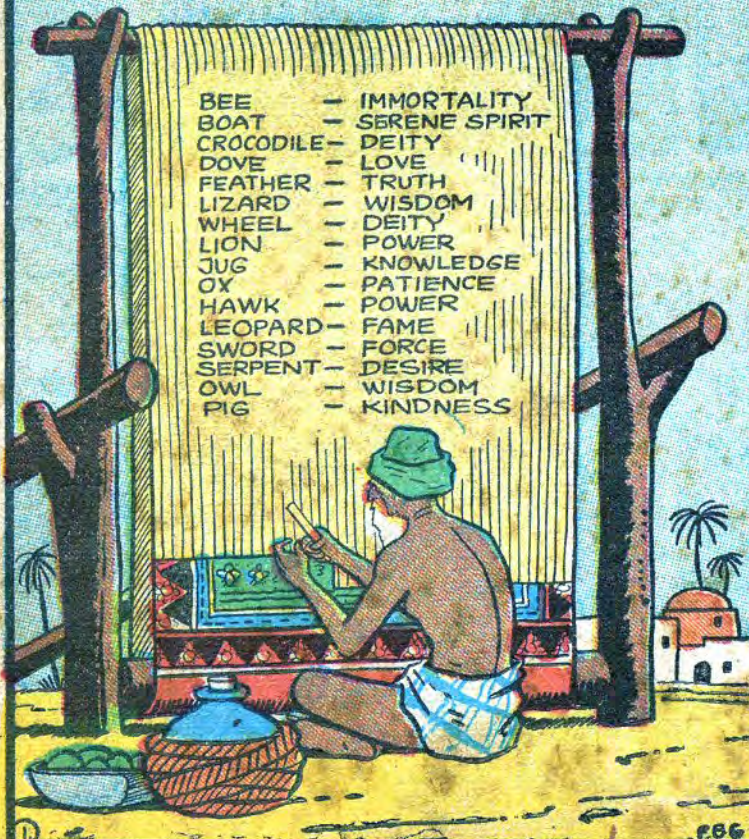
## LOBSTERS

ARE NATURALLY GREEN BUT TURN RED WHEN COOKED BECAUSE BOILING WATER MAKES A CHEMICAL CHANGE IN THE SHELL COLORING!



MANY OF THE DESIGNS IN AN ORIENTAL RUG TELL A STORY AND THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE MEANINGS OF THE SYMBOLS USED IN MANY RUGS /

BEE	— IMMORTALITY
BOAT	— SERENE SPIRIT
CROCODILE	— DEITY
DOVE	— LOVE
FEATHER	— TRUTH
LIZARD	— WISDOM
WHEEL	— DEITY
LION	— POWER
JUG	— KNOWLEDGE
OY	— PATIENCE
HAWK	— POWER
LEOPARD	— FAME
SWORD	— FORCE
SERPENT	— DESIRE
OWL	— WISDOM
PIG	— KINDNESS



THE MAN IN THE MOON IS ONLY THE MARKS OF CRATERS, MOUNTAINS, AND EXTINCT VOLCANOES ON THE MOON'S SURFACE. YOUR IMAGINATION STRETCHES THESE MARKINGS INTO A FACE!



THE "MILKY WAY" IS A LUMINOUS CIRCLE GOING COMPLETELY AROUND THE HEAVENS. IT IS PRODUCED BY MYRIADS OF STARS!



A BIG FULL COLOR PICTURE OF **SKYMAN** SUITABLE FOR FRAMING!

# The **SKYMAN**

AMERICA'S  
NATIONAL  
HERO!



*Cordially  
The  
Skyman*

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